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WE CINCHED SECOND PLACE

In Two Pretty Games Yesterday Afternoon with Austin.

WE ALSO WALLOP COUDERSPORT.

Port Allegany Lost Thursday, Wins One Friday and Steals Another on Saturday.

Smethport has been playing fast ball during the past week, winning four out of six games. By trimming Austin twice yesterday we cinched second place in the McKean-Potter League. The two lost games went to Port Allegany. Below will be found a more detailed account of the victories and defeats.

SMETHPORT 4, 6; AUSTIN 3, 5.

Smethport fans were treated to the national league article of base ball at Kane field yesterday. Two postponed league games were transferred from Austin and both played on that date. The first contest was probably the finest ever witnessed in Smethport, abounding in hair raising catches, stops and throws without the semblance of an error by either side. Both pitchers were on their mettle, the hits recorded against each being the same—eight. Doubles, however, had slightly the best of it, keeping the hits more widely scattered and not allowing a single base on balls.

Austin went to bat and in the first three innings just nine men faced Doubles. Eleven Smethportites faced Kirwan in the same period, but Sasse in the third planted one in the creek, which placed us one run to the good.

We scored again in the fifth on three successive singles by Doubles, Sasse and Clayson.

Austin evened up matters in the sixth on singles by McNamara and Willig and Genther's triple, which would have been a home run had not Sasse plunged into the chilly water and made a fast return of the ball, holding the big first baseman at third.

Smethport scored twice in the eighth after two were out on Faust's single, Strood's second double and Keefer's long single.

In the ninth Gehm singled, Genther went out on a fly to Servatius, Swayne was called out on a very close decision at first. Here the Austinites kicked good and hard. It was the first chance they had to kick, every other close decision having been in their favor, and they had a reputation as kickers to maintain. The aforesaid reputation suffered none on this occasion. After donning their respective sweaters and packing up their paraphernalia preparatory to leaving the ground, they reconsidered their decision and handed down another to the effect that the game would be finished under "protest." Mornin hit for two sacks, scoring Gehm and Maley ended the game by performing his usual stunt of striking out.

Score, first game:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Clayson, 2d	4	0	1	1	3	0
Servatius, lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Faust, ss	4	1	2	1	2	0
Strood 3d	4	1	2	2	1	0
Keefer, 1st	4	0	1	9	0	0
Nolan, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Young, c	3	0	0	8	0	0
Doubles, p	2	1	0	0	3	0
Total	33	4	8	27	10	0

AUSTIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McNamara, 2d	4	1	1	3	2	0
Landerborn, 3d	4	0	0	1	4	0
Willig, ss	4	1	2	2	0	0
Gehm, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Genther, 1st	4	0	1	12	0	0
F. Swain, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Marvin, c	3	0	2	5	0	0
Maley, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Kirwan, p	3	0	0	0	0	0
Total	34	3	8	28	12	0

By innings:										
Smethport	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	*—1	
Austin	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1—3	

Earned runs—Smethport 3; Austin 3.
Stolen bases—McNamara, Willig, Marvin.
Home run—Sasse.
Three base hit—Genther.
Two base hits—Strood 2; Swayne, Marvin.
Bases on balls—off Kirwan 2.
Struck out—by Doubles 8.
Hit by pitcher—by Doubles 1.
Double plays—Servatius to Clayson; Swayne to Marvin.
Time of game—1:35.
Umpire—Dan Camp.

After a brief wait the second game was started, the umpire in stentorian tones announcing that but five innings would be played in order to allow the visitors to catch their train.

The same pitchers started to officiate in this contest. Two singles, a double, an error, some fast base running and a bad error of judgment netted Austin four runs in the first inning. Things at this juncture looked alarmingly bad for the home team, but after Sasse had taken first on four wide ones and Clayson had been disposed of by Genther, a bombardment of successive singles and consecutive doubles occurred. When the dust had cleared away it was discovered that four runs had crossed the plate and Mr. Kirwan had taken to the fringe of bushes that skirt Maryln creek in deep left, being succeeded on the rubber by Gehm.

Austin went out in order for the next three innings, while Smethport added one in the fourth when Doubles singled, was sacrificed to second by Sasse, to third by Clayson and counted on Servatius' double.

Austin made one in the fifth on a hit batsman and a triple. In Smethport's half, with one run needed to win, Strood doubled, went to third on Keefer's sacrifice and scored on Nolan's bunt.

Score, second game.

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Clayson, 2d	3	0	0	1	2	0
Servatius, lf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Faust, ss	3	0	1	0	2	0
Strood, 3d	3	2	2	0	1	0
Keefer, 1st	3	1	1	8	0	0
Nolan, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Young, c	3	0	0	6	0	0
Doubles, p	2	0	1	0	1	0
Total	30	6	9	15	6	1

AUSTIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McNamara, 2d	4	1	1	0	1	0
Landerborn, 3d	3	1	1	0	2	0
Willig, ss	3	0	2	1	0	0
Gehm, lf-ss	3	1	0	1	2	0
Gunther, 1st	2	1	0	6	0	1
Swayne, cf	2	1	0	1	0	0
Marvin, c	2	0	1	2	0	0
Kirwin, p-rf	2	0	0	0	1	0
Maley, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Total	21	5	5	12*	6	1

*One man out when winning run was scored.

By innings:										
Smethport	4	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—6	
Austin	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—5	

Sacrifice hits—Sasse, Clayson, Keefer, Nolan.
Three base hit—Willig.
Two base hits—Keefer, Nolan, Faust, Strood, Willig.
Bases on balls—off Kirwan 1.
Struck out—by Doubles 4; by Gehm 1.
Hit by pitched ball—by Doubles 1.
Stolen bases—McNamara, Swayne 2, Marvin.
Time of game—1 hour.
Umpire—Dan Camp.

SMETHPORT 11; COUDERSPORT 8.

The game Tuesday afternoon at Kane field between the Coudersport champions and the home team was the slugging match of the season. Singles, doubles, triples and home runs followed in fast profusion. Everybody hit the ball and hit it hard and we won out by hitting it harder and more often. Following is the tabulated score:

COUDERSPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Haskell, ss	5	2	3	0	2	3
Eichberger, c	5	1	1	7	0	0
Wood, lf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Whitney, 1st	5	1	1	4	0	0
Devall, cf	5	0	2	4	0	0
Cunningham, 2d	5	0	1	5	1	1
Merrill, 2b	5	1	2	0	1	0
Moran, rf	3	1	1	3	0	0
Drake, p	5	1	0	0	2	0
Totals	43	8	12	24	6	4

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	5	0	1	4	1	0
Clayson, 2d	5	2	2	2	3	2
Servatius, lf	5	2	2	0	0	0
Faust, ss	5	1	2	2	4	1
Strood, 3d	4	0	0	3	2	0
Keefer, 1st	5	2	3	14	0	0
Doubles, rf	5	0	0	1	1	2
Young, c	3	1	1	2	2	0
Nolan, p	3	1	0	3	2	0
Totals	40	11	14	27	16	7

By innings:										
Coudersport	2	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—	8
Smethport	3	3	1	0	3	0	1	0	*—	11

Stolen bases—Merrill; Servatius, Strood.
Sacrifice hits—Strood.
Home run—Keefer.
Three base hits—Haskell; Sasse.
Two base hits—Devall; Clayson, Servatius, Faust, Keefer 2.
Bases on balls—off Drake 1; off Nolan 1.
Hit by pitched ball—by Drake 1.
Struck out—by Drake 4; by Nolan 3.
Passed balls—Eichberger 1; Young 3.
Wild pitch—Drake 1; Nolan 1.
Time of game—1:45.
Umpire—Studholme.

PORT ALLEGANY 2; SMETHPORT 0.

The baseball fans over the hill have at last secured the services of one who can win games for them with perfect ease. He goes by the name of McDonough from Buffalo and is an alleged Eastern League umpire and prize fighter. We are not in a position to deny the allegation that he is a prize fighter but the fact that Buffalo did not finish in first place is sufficient proof that he did not umpire the games for Buffalo this season.

He started in right at the beginning with his Christmas presents to the home team last Saturday and kept it up to the finish. In the second inning he presented the home team with the only runs they got during the game by calling a foul ball fair and by calling a man safe at third when he was out by at least four feet. His only excuse for the latter decision was that he did not see the play, which certainly is a very lame one for a league umpire.

All the way through the game he gave us the short end of it on everything that was close, and more especially so when our chances were good for scoring. In the eighth inning we had a man on third base when Nolan made a clean two base hit along the third base line, but it was called a foul which robbed us of at least one run in this inning.

The ninth was just as bad as the preceding inning. We had a man on second when the third strike was called on Tracy. This ball was so plainly a foul tip that Port Allegany rooters asked the umpire to change the decision and give our team a little show. In the last two innings six of our men were struck out, but that is not to be wondered at when it is considered what this umpire considered strikes when the visitors were at bat.

Many Port Allegannians frankly admitted that we got "a little the worst of it" and the better class of baseball fans in that town were anything but enthusiastic over such a victory.

It was a pitcher's battle on both sides and Doubles pitched a remarkable game for the treatment he got at the hands of the umpire. It seems to do him good to get mad for it was the best game he has pitched so far this season and he was so mad throughout the game that he could hardly speak.

Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse	4	0	1	0	0	0
Tracy, c	3	0	0	4	0	1
Servatius, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Faust, ss	2	0	0	0	4	1
Strood, 3d	4	0	1	1	4	0
Clayson, 2d	4	0	1	2	5	0
Baker, 1b	3	0	1	14	0	0
Nolan, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Doubles, p	3	0	0	1	2	0
Total	29	0	5	24	15	2

*Lynch out, hit by batted ball.

PORT ALLEGANY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cole, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Shinners, lf-ss	4	0	2	3	0	1
Daniels, 2d	4	1	0	1	0	0
Lynch, 3d	4	0	0	4	0	0
Culligan, ss	3	0	0	0	3	0
McDonough, c	3	0	1	8	3	1
Hazan, 1st	3	0	1	10	0	1
Moore, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Bennett, p	3	1	1	0	3	0
Total	28	2	6	27	12	4

By innings:										
Smethport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	0
Port Allegany	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	*—	2

Stolen bases—Cole, Shinners, Sasse.
Sacrifice hits—Daniels 2, Tracy 2, Nolan 1, Servatius, Baker.
Two base hits—Servatius; Shinners.
Double plays—Bennett to McDonough to Hazan.
Bases on balls—off Doubles 1; off Bennett 4.
Hit by pitched balls—by Bennett 3.
Struck out—by Doubles 8; by Bennett 9.
Time of game—2 hours.
Umpire—McDonough.

PORT ALLEGANY 7; SMETHPORT 5.

Last Friday afternoon the Port Allegany aggregation came over here and captured the game by a streak of luck in the ninth inning. At that stage of the game the score stood four to five in our favor, with two of the visitors out. Daniels hit a pop fly between first and second base and Clayson dropped it, which scored Cole. Bennett followed with one in the creek making the total as above. Following is the tabulated score:

PORT ALLEGANY.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cole, cf	5	2	1	1	0	0
Shinners, lf-ss	5	0	1	2	2	0
Daniels, 2b	5	1	1	4	1	0
Lynch, c	3	0	0	4	2	0
Bennett, rf	2	1	1	0	0	1
Culligan, ss-rf	5	0	1	0	1	1
Lynch, 3b	5	1	1	0	2	2
McDonough, 1b c	4	2	2	11	0	0
Hagan, rf-1st	4	0	2	4	0	0
Moore, p	4	0	1	1	2	0
Total	42	7	11	27	10	4

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	5	0	1	2	0	0
Tracy, c	4	1	0	7	0	0
Servatius, lf	3	2	2	2	0	0
Faust, ss	4	0	0	3	3	0
Strood, 3d	4	0	0	0	5	2
Clayson, 2d	4	0	0	1	4	1
Baker, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	1
Doubles, rf	4	1	1	1	0	1
Fuller, p	3	1	0	0	1	0
Total	35	5	5	27	13	5

Stolen bases—Cole, Servatius, Tracy, Fuller.
Home run—Bennett.
Bases on balls—off Moore 3.
Struck out—by Moore 8; by Fuller 6.
Passed balls—Julius L. McDonough 1, Tracy 1.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—T. J. Young.

SMETHPORT 10; PORT ALLEGANY 4.

At Port Allegany last Thursday the Smethports toyed for nine innings with the Indians with the above result. Nolan pitched the game and the best efforts of the Canoe Place denizens totaled but four hits off his delivery.

Two Men Injured.

Two men were quite painfully injured last Saturday morning while at work on the new gas line to the Camp Window Glass factory. A crew of men had just finished laying a gas line from the Extract Company's wells, which have recently been bought by the Camp company, and were testing the same for leaks. A team was driven across the line and in some way knocked a stake loose which was supporting the pipe and the fall with the force of the gas bursted the line at a coupling.

The full force of the escaping gas struck Peter Miller in the face and Harry Lingerton in the side, knocking them down. Mr. Miller's face was painfully cut by the small bits of gravel, etc., blown from the line and Mr. Lingerton's side was severely bruised. Neither of the men was seriously injured.

Accident to Judge Bouton.

As the result of an accident Judge Bouton of Smethport, who is assisting Judge Ormerod this week, is compelled to use a cane in walking and is nursing a very painful injury. Judge Bouton and Landlord Harry Knight were riding behind Mr. Knight's spirited horse, when the animal became frightened at a traction engine and started to run away. Judge Bouton alighted from the carriage and in so doing displaced a tendon in his left leg which will inconvenience him for some time. After a fast ride of a mile Mr. Knight succeeded in getting control of the animal and returned for Mr. Bouton, who, judging from the appearance of his clothing, had taken quite a roll when he struck the ground.—Potter Enterprise.

Judge Bouton has practically recovered from his accident.

Death of Kenway Bell.

Kenway Bell died at the home of his son and daughter in Wichita, Kansas, on August 24, 1903, aged 81 years, 7 months and 24 days. The cause of his death was paralysis.

The subject of this sketch was born at Ceres, N. Y., February 1, 1822, and was a son of William and Martha Bell. In early life he was a resident of Smethport for a number of years. From here he moved to Iowa and then to Pratt county, Kansas, where he resided 15 years. Three years ago he moved to Wichita and lived with his daughter, Eliza K. Bell, and son, Robert W. Bell. He was an uncle of Robert King of this place.

The funeral service was held at the house and interment in Maple Grove cemetery at Wichita.

Announcement.

Having purchased the business of the late E. G. Carter, dealer in jewelry, &c., I shall continue the same at her old stand, where I will be pleased to meet any and all of my friends and former customers, also those of Mrs. Carter. A first-class repair man and engraver will be in attendance at all times.

Yours to please,
JOS. A. HOLDER.

Reduced prices for 30 days.

SUFFOCATED BY NOXIOUS GAS.

One Man Dead and Another at the Point of Death.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR EIGHT OTHERS

A Heroic Battle in a Well at Westline Against Noxious Flames in Which Men Bravely Risked Their Lives in Effort to Save Companions from Suffocation.

The Day chemical works at Westline witnessed a heroic contest Wednesday, in which nine men risked their lives in a vain effort to rescue a companion from death.

The circumstances are as follows: With a view to providing water for fire-fighting purposes in time of extreme drouth, a cistern 14 feet in diameter and 33 feet in depth had been sunk several years ago and kept filled with water. Recently the waste tar from the works had penetrated the cistern, filling it to a depth of about six feet and rendering it useless for the purpose intended. That the trouble might be corrected the water had been pumped out and on Tuesday a force of men had been at work in the cistern adjusting steam pipes that the mass might be warmed, thus reducing its consistency that it might be pumped out. At that time the workmen noted the disagreeable fumes and complained of headache, but no danger was apprehended.

About noon Wednesday Archie Jones (colored) a stone mason, descended into the cistern by one of two ladders which rested against the wall, to a plank resting on the ladders just above the mass of tar. A few moments later Lynn Putnam observed the senseless form of Jones lying across the plank and at once went to his assistance, only to be overcome himself and fall with Jones across the plank. Ezra Vincent was the next to visit the cistern and, observing the condition of his fellow workmen, went promptly to their rescue and he, too, fell with the others. At this stage of the affair a general alarm was sounded and Edmund L. Day, proprietor of the works, arriving at the scene determined to go to the rescue and arranged to carry a rope, which he aimed to fasten about the bodies of the men that they might be drawn up, Mr. Day thinking that he could perform this slight duty before succumbing to the fumes, but in this he proved to be mistaken, for, just as he had secured the rope about the person of one of the men and was adjusting that of another on the plank to prevent his falling into the tar at the bottom, which meant certain death he, too, was overcome and fell with the others.

Notwithstanding the horror of the situation which now confronted the men, there was no weakening and William Patterson next volunteered to go to the rescue. A rope was fastened about his person and he went into the well. With his descent the first of the unfortunates was brought to the top, and although every effort was put forth to protect those who assisted in recovering the senseless and dead, it required the best efforts of Robert Moore, John Redmond, John Hokeson, Oscar Stewart and James Burdick, all of whom, in addition to the above, made the perilous descent before the last body was brought to the surface.

In addition to the effect of the fumes, the men suffered severely from burns sustained by coming in contact with the hot steam pipes, as they lay unconscious.

When the last of the unfortunates were recovered from the well, together with their rescuers, who were in a scarcely less pitiable plight, they were conveyed to the residence of Mr. Day, where physicians were summoned and every effort put forth to relieve their sufferings, which at times during the period of recovery were simply horrible.

In the case of Jones, the unfortunate colored man, life had ceased for him long before it was possible to effect the rescue of his body. He was in his 60th year and leaves a widow and six children at Russellburgh, Pa., where he made his home.

Lynn Putman died Friday morning. He was 28 years of age, married, and the father of three children. The home of the family is at Westline.

With the above exceptions the others of the party are getting along as well as could be expected and it is not thought that they will suffer any permanent ill effects.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Mr. Day is well known here, having shot with the Hazelhurst Gun Club at this place.

Just a Few

of the necessities of house cleaning time, Curtain and carpet stretchers, carpet sweepers, brooms, mops, brushes, pails, etc., can be found at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

At about 12 o'clock last evening (Jan. 19, 1870,) the roof of the Bennett House was observed to be on fire. The alarm was given and the people who attended the sociable made a rush for downstairs. The flames were soon checked and the dance went on as merry as ever. The chimney had burned out during the evening and the roof either caught from the heat of the chimney or sparks from the same.

An intelligent young bear who has taken up his habitation in the vicinity of the "Devil's Temple," a place familiar to everybody in this section, is wont to play havoc with not only the brute creation, but of the human species as well. He apparently fears neither man nor sheep, but roams at will, "monarch of all he surveys." A few days ago a party from this place were in the vicinity of the "Temple" and after examining "signs" and woodchuck holes for a time returned home satisfied that they were not in luck that day. One man, however, our champion hunter, had no idea of giving up the hunt in that way and remained in the woods, determined to put in a full day and see if something would not "turn up." Well, something did "turn up." His bearship soon made his appearance and Henry tried to make his disappearance. As legs seemed to be the best weapons of defense they were handled in a masterly manner, but being short soon gave out. A shot was fired by one of the party—we have not learned which—wounding one of said party, and the two "huge critters" embraced each other with the fondness of lovers. The struggle was a desperate one, but neither seemed inclined to use foul play. They were very familiar for strangers. One hugged and the other hugged, and then they both hugged. After a time the bear becoming tired rolled over on his back and, to use Henry's words: "Kicked me with his hind fook." This landed him such a distance from the brute that he reached town before being overtaken. Herring was not hurt, but his clothes were badly torn.

We made a flying visit to Port Allegany the other day. This village, as our readers generally know, is situated twelve miles east of Smethport, on the line of the proposed Buffalo and Washington Railroad. In this village there are three or four dry goods stores, one drug store, a hardware store, two blacksmith shops and we believe two wagon shops. We should judge the number of inhabitants to be 200 or 300—perhaps more. A large and commodious house has just been completed in which a graded school is to be taught. The heaviest dealers in dry goods are Thos. McDowell & Co., to whom we are indebted for many favors. They keep on hand a very large and full assortment of goods and by the aid of their efficient clerks, among whom is "Vick" Jackson—a capital salesman—their sales are very heavy. This company is also heavily engaged in lumbering and from the quantity of logs being drawn and boards already cut at their mill, we should judge that an unprecedented amount would be run to market from that place the coming spring. In conclusion, let us say just one word about politics. Liberty township has gone Democratic for a year or two past, but we are creditably informed by a prominent Republican (?) of said township, Jonathan Dunbar, Esq., that there will be a change in political affairs next fall. Who can doubt the result when it is known that the energies of such men as "Uncle Dauuty" Dunbar are enlisted in the cause of the Republican party.

Theodore Nickolos has been convicted in the Cattaraugus court of the murder of Dr. Andrew Meade in Allegany on the 18th of December last. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of March. This is the second conviction for murder during this term of court. Much excitement prevailed during the trial of Nickolos, as the murder of Dr. Meade was the most brutal ever committed in Western New York. Nickolos and Burdick, the latter of whom was convicted of the murder of H. H. Baker, colored, in Olean last September, have made full confessions of their crimes, but each claims his act to be justifiable homicide. Both murderers are sentenced to be hanged on the same day.

Married, at the house of the bride's father, on February 17, 1870, by C. P. Rice, Esq., Mr. N. C. Gallup and Miss Ann Evans, all of Norwich. Accompanying this notice was a beautiful cake. While we wish them much joy and tender our thanks for this kindly remembrance, we also hope that life's journey may be a long and happy one; and that full three score years and ten will have passed before the journey is accomplished, notwithstanding the bride is inclined to Gallup.

At Wilcox, on March 6, 1870, by Rev. Wm. Sampson, O. A. Corwin of Bradford and Miss Jennie Warren of Albany, N. Y. Accompanying this notice was a legal fender, for which the couple have our best wishes.

The best Baltimore oysters served in bulk at N. M. Harrington's restaurant.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

S. H. Childs Held Up on the Ormsby Road Tuesday Evening.

SIX BANDITS WERE IN THE GANG.

He was Beaten and Robbed of His Money—No Clue to the Guilty Parties.

A telephone message to Sheriff Mays from Ormsby Tuesday evening bore the information that a highway robbery had been committed that evening on the wagon road between Smethport and that place. S. H. Childs of Ormsby, who had been in town during the day, started for home early in the evening and while he was driving along the lonely road he was attacked by six highwaymen and robbed of his money—between $12 and $14.

The alleged robbery was committed near the Kushequa Railroad crossing, about three miles from this borough. Childs says he was pulled from his wagon, knocked down and, while in a semi-conscious condition, was relieved of his money. As soon as he was able he got on his wagon, drove to Ormsby and gave the alarm.

Sheriff Mays notified Constable Jones, who drove up to where the robbery is supposed to have taken place but could find no trace of his murderous assailants. Childs says he would not be able to identify any of the thugs. He noticed, however, that one of them wore light colored clothing and low shoes. He is not in a serious condition as a result of his experience.

This morning we learned almost to a certainty that Childs' story is a fake. He got a prescription filled at one of the drug stores a short time before starting for home and when he came to pay for it Mr. Childs said he lacked ten cents of having the necessary amount. The druggist took what he claimed to have and trusted him for the balance. If he told the truth to the druggist the robbery story is a fake pure and simple.

To Defeat Roosevelt.

The Washington Star, which is little given to sensational politics, has published, upon what it considers high authority, a statement to the effect that there is now in process of formation a plan by which the Democratic Congressional committee, certain influential Wall street leaders and labor organizations will combine for the purpose of defeating the nomination of President Roosevelt by the Republican national convention next year, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is an old adage that politics makes strange bedfellows; but, all things considered, it is doubtful that it ever made stranger ones than these three naturally inharmonious parties. The plan provides that the Democratic committee is to inflame the unions over the Miller case in the government printing office, to induce organized labor to take up arms by resolutions against the President, which resolutions are to be used in the convention by the Wall street contingent as reasons against Mr. Roosevelt's nomination.

It is not unnatural that, as the party leaders always consider all things fair which make for victory in politics as in war, the Democratic committee should heartily agree to a plan which promises to give them such powerful allies in their contest for the Presidency as the hosts of labor and the millions of Wall street. But it is remarkable that the workmen of the United States should join hands with the money bags and trusts of the country's financial centre for the accomplishment of President Roosevelt's defeat, or for any other common purpose. It was in the cause of labor itself, by his provident and humane interference for the settlement of the great coal strike in Pennsylvania, that the President incurred the enmity and aggressive antagonism of Wall street. If labor should be so ungrateful as to forget or ignore the service which he rendered it in that—one of the most desperate struggles with capital, and seek to destroy the President, it would play directly into the hands of those Wall street combines which have sought its undoing, not only in the mines, but elsewhere. There could be, in fact, no more unnatural partnership in politics than that of the Wall street promoters and industrial combinations with the labor organizations.

At the head of the latter's bodies there are in notable instances men of shrewdness and public spirit who it is difficult to believe will permit labor to be made a catspaw to draw Wall street's chestnuts from the fire. There is no intelligent, patriotic citizen in the country who does not know that the President was wholly right in respect of the Miller incident, and that he could have acted otherwise only in disregard of his sworn declaration as President to uphold the law. If he offended any by so doing, they were only such as would condemn any loyalty to plain duty. It is not probable that among intelligent, fair minded, American workmen there are many who will condemn the President for fidelity to his official trust, especially at a time when such fidelity in others is rarer than it should be.

AT A RUMMAGE SALE

By SYDNEY PHELPS

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Mother looked up from the bundle of old clothes which had just arrived at the parsonage. They represented all that my wealthy Aunt Florence and my cousins could do to help us in our rummage sale.

"I don't believe we have $10 worth of things all together," she said. A hopeless expression crossed her face as she thought of the needed $50.

"How hateful all one's rich relations always are!" I burst out. "I believe they sell their things to old clothes men."

"We must do the best we can," said mother patiently. "The poor people who get them will be pleased anyway. I wonder if any one will look in and help us at the sale."

"No one," I answered, with conviction. "Between hockey and"—

"Hero worship," mother interrupted, laughing. "If we could only get John Gray to come we would not have standing room."

I did not answer. John Gray was just home from the Philippines. As an interesting convalescent and hero he was in great demand among the girls. But, though I had known him from childhood, I refused to add one to the ranks of his adorers, so a coolness had fallen between my old playmate and myself.

"Mrs. Denzil is in the parlor, ma'am," said the maid, and we went in to be cheered by the gayest little lady in the town.

Mrs. Denzil had a husband in the Philippines and appeared to get along very well without him. We would not have willingly spared that brilliant face with its wealth of fair hair, audacious blue eyes and wickedly curved red lips from our midst. It was vain to try to look askance at Mrs. Denzil, her absolute frankness was so disarming.

"You look worried," she said. "What is it?"

"It is only our rummage sale," I said sadly. "The things which have been sent in will bring but a song, yet we know of no other way in which to raise the money."

"Are men's things any use? Why not ask young Gray?"

"Hardly liked to," said mother.

"All right, I will. He must have heaps of things he doesn't want."

Off went Mrs. Denzil, promising to write to John Gray and send us the results of her appeal. Sure enough, a few days later she brought in her dog-cart a huge bundle which she opened triumphantly.

"There, I told you I would get something out of him. Shoes—lots of them, brown and black; two suits, very little worn; socks, collars, ties."

"Splendid!" we said. "Did he send them all the way to your house?"

"No; I told him I would call for the bundle this afternoon. It was to be ready in his own special sanctum. He was out, but old Jenkins showed me in. I found a note from him asking if this sort of thing would be of any use and saying that if he wanted anything more Jenkins could get it for me."

Pursued by our grateful thanks, Mrs. Denzil drove off in her usual whirlwind. She promised to come to our sale next day and especially begged to be allowed to act as auctioneer for Gray's things.

Mother and I returned to the examination of the bundle. "Actually, two of his pipes," she said. "How very good of him!"

I said nothing, for just at that moment I had caught sight of something which gave me a sharp stab of pain. Many years ago, when John Gray first went to college, I had worked its colors on a tobacco pouch. There had been something more than mere kindliness in our farewell on that occasion. He surely need not have sent the pouch to a rummage sale.

The sale came off the next day. In the midst of a little argument with a stout woman as to the value of a red flannel dressing sack mother said to me:

"Clare, both of the Whites have come. That is rather nice of them. They have brought another girl with them."

I looked up and smiled at the three. Just then, to my surprise, the daughter of our bank president appeared, followed closely by a fairly representative gathering of the young ladies of the neighborhood.

"There must be some mistake," I thought. "They must think there is an entertainment to follow."

Just then I heard Mrs. Denzil's voice.

"Here I am," she said, "in plenty of time. Hurry up, girls; the auction is going to begin. Can I have a chair put on that table? Thanks. The handle of my riding whip will be the hammer." And, flinging herself with rapture into the part, she began the auction.

The buyers were as wax in her hands.

"Look at these ties," she said in tones of ardent admiration. "College colors, club colors, rainbow colors. Girls, you will never forgive yourselves if you let such a chance as this slip. Six ties, all worn, well worn. Did I hear you say a quarter, Miss Smith? Oh, I hope not; I could not listen to such an offer from you. Fifty cents, Linda. That is better, but not good enough." In the end she extracted an offer of $1.50 from the bank president's daughter. Never once did she mention the name of the donor of the effects, and the ladies gazed in undisguised amazement at each other's frantic bids.

"This pair of boots," Mrs. Denzil pursued, "was worn in the Philippines."

This was entirely untrue, but the spirited bidding ensued, and another girl became their proud possessor at the extravagant price of $2.50.

At last, to my mingled relief and rage, the little tobacco pouch was held aloft in Mrs. Denzil's grasp. I had decided to buy back again my despised gift if only for the pleasure of seeing it burned.

"A tobacco pouch—look!" said the gay voice. "What memories may cling round it!"

"Twenty-five," squeaked Linda White.

"Fifty," I growled.

Mrs. Denzil nearly dropped the pouch in amazement at my intervention.

"One dollar," from the oldest Miss Smyth.

"One twenty-five," I said, my cheeks burning. Through the hush I could hear mother's surprised voice:

"Clare, my dear!"

How long that horrible auction lasted I do not know. I only know that at last at the cost of $5 which I could ill spare the horrid little pouch became once more my own property. The rest of the scene is a dream to me.

When all the lots were disposed of all the girls quietly withdrew, each eying her neighbor with stern distrust.

Mrs. Denzil sat down and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. "Do you know how I did it?" she asked. "I told each of them—in the strictest confidence—that some trifles belonging to John Gray were going to be sold. They thought they would pick up some little souvenir cheaply, but"—and she carefully weighed a purse in her hands—"I don't think they did, exactly."

I turned toward the big fireplace. I would get rid of that pouch at once.

The door flew open, and John Gray burst in. "Oh, I say, Mrs. Denzil, I came rushing down to see whether by mistake one or two little articles had not been put into that bundle of mine."

"Oh, I hope I did nothing wrong," she said lightly. "I only added one or two nondescript things."

"Would you tell me whether two of my pipes were among them?"

"Yes, but they were both quite old ones, I am sure," said Mrs. Denzil.

"Then if you don't mind I will buy them back myself. They were favorites of mine."

Mrs. Denzil looked very thoughtful.

"Miss Mortimer bought one and Miss Rawson the other, but no doubt they would be delighted for you to have them back."

The young man's face was a study. "There was one thing more"—he grew very red and looked across to where I stood rigidly by the fire watching the slow flames struggling with the remnants of their prey—"a little tobacco pouch," he said.

"Very shabby," said the lady firmly; "quite a disgrace to you. That is why I took it."

"But I really want that back again," he urged. "Please tell me who has it."

"You had better ask Clare," she said. "Mrs. Warren and I have to make out our accounts."

She drew mother out into the hall. John Gray strode over to me. I never saw such a slow fire in all my life.

"Do you know where it is, Clare?" he began, and then his eyes fell on the grate. One end of a bit of gray fabric still ornamented with a shield lay among the coal.

"You burned it?" he asked reproachfully. "Why?"

I could find nothing to say.

"Clare, you could not have thought that I meant to give that to any charity under the sun?"

Still no answer.

He bent over until he could look into my downcast face.

"Clare," he cried, and even in my bewilderment I heard the note of joy in his voice. Then he took me in his arms, and I straightway forgot that there had ever been such a thing as a rummage sale.

Book of the Dead.

The "Book of the Dead" is a most remarkable literary relic of ancient Egypt, of uncertain date and origin, but well known before the kings of the first dynasty. Probably the collected work of many minds in different ages, it was regarded as the work of the god Thoth, and therefore of divine authority, dealing mainly with the dead and their future state. Some of its texts, prayers, hymns and ritual were used by the predynastic priests, and parts of the book are said to belong to a period fifty centuries before the Christian era. Copies of it were placed in the tombs, and texts from it were inscribed on coffins to preserve the dead from dangers and to direct them to the boat of Ra on their way to the hall of Osiris, which was the goal desired. The oldest existing papyrus copy of the book was written for "Nu, the son of the overseer of the house of the overseer of the seal Amenhotep and of the lady of the house Senseneb" and probably belongs to the early part of the eighteenth dynasty.

To Find Out Your Future Husband.

At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg, which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it until it is hard, they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats her half and the shell to the last fragment, speaking no word the while. Then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed "to sleep, perchance to dream."—"English Folk Rhymes."

Preaching and Practice.

Spellbinder—Yes, my friends, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Be on your guard. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Voice (from the audience)—Then you must take us for gol darn fools! You have been talking for an hour and a half.—Kansas City Journal.

Initiation.

The hairdresser had done rather a hasty job on the raven locks of the young woman.

"Well," she said, surveying the result in the mirror, "this is a shampoo all right, if there is any such thing as real 'poo.'"—Chicago Tribune.

How About Home Displays?

He—It seems to me that the practice of sending clothing to the heathen is in direct opposition to Scriptural teaching.

She—Why, how can that be?

He—It teaches them to take thought what they shall wear.—Town and Country.

It is only by labor that thought can be healthy and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

TWO STOCK EXCHANGES.

Differences Between the New York and Berlin Institutions.

If any member of the New York Stock Exchange who is entirely unacquainted with German speculation should visit the Berlin bourse he would find at every point the most striking divergencies from his home experience. He would be surprised to see the bourse attended by quite 2,000 persons, including clerks of banks, newspaper men and even visitors like himself. Also, he would be interested in the immense size of the hall—300 feet long, divided by colonnades into three sections, one of which is assigned to the Produce Exchange. On one side of the hall several doors open into a grassy court, shaded by trees and surrounded by a pillared lobby, where brokers sit in dull summer days and float their latest stock of anecdotes.

That shaded court is suggestive of deeper differences between the New York Stock Exchange and the Berlin institution. In New York the number of members is fixed and is small in proportion to the immense volume of business done. In Berlin there is a great horde of small dealers, and the amount of trading is much less than in New York. Owing to the easy terms of admission, the bourse becomes a mere place where traders meet to effect their transactions. There is no sale of seats. In fact, no membership fee exists, but only a small yearly tax is collected, which varies from time to time as the expenses of the organization require. Contrary to New York practice, membership is largely held by companies and firms. Nearly all the banks of the city, for example, are members, and the more important ones keep above a score of their employees on the floor. Thus the individual New York broker, as a rule, counts for vastly more than a member of the bourse. New York is concentrated, is intense. Berlin disperses its energy, and is comparatively dull. It knows nothing of those great days of triumph or disaster that render the annals of Wall street picturesque. And it licks our large daring operators who startle the country with their bold schemes.—William C. Dreher in Century.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Rolling ground is the best for an orchard.

Blighted leaves and branches on fruit trees should be cut off and burned.

That a tree does not bear well every year is not an indication of disease.

Most effective pruning is done in the early stages of the orchard's growth.

One advantage in pruning during the summer is that the wounds heal very quickly.

Dead branches are often the means of conveying decay to an otherwise healthy trunk.

In pruning roses cutting back closely produces as a rule fewer blossoms, but of a finer quality.

Never prune a tree unless there is good reason why a limb or branch should be taken off.

A moderately heavy soil that has been underdrained and subsoiled and then carefully worked is capable of producing the heaviest crops of fruit.

Descriptions of Wild Birds.

Falcons, hawks—the largest species—can compress their feathers and look very slim if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can lump up into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. Then the raptores in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not often seen when in captivity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Disenchanted.

"Until I met you, Matilda," he murmured in a voice husky with emotion, "I believed that all women were deceitful, but when I look into your clear, beautiful eyes I behold there the very soul of candor and loyalty."

"George," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "this is the happiest moment I have known since papa took me to the London oculist!"

"London oculist!"

"Yes, dear; you never would have known that my left eye is a glass one."

Then the moon went under a cloud, and George sat down and buried his face in the sofa cushion.—London Answers.

Didn't Dare.

"Why don't you try to demonstrate to your constituents that you are capable of an unselfish action?"

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "if these people who have known me for years were to find me doing something in which I had no apparent interest they'd get suspicious and decide that I was engaged in a deep and diabolical plot."—Washington Star.

Alas, Too Late.

Kitty—What did you do when he threatened to kiss you?

Blanche—I didn't do anything. Why should I? I just waited until he had committed an overt act.

Kitty—And then?

Blanche—Why, then it was too late to punish him.—Boston Transcript.

She Struck Too.

O'Toole—Muldoon, shtruck his wife yisthiddy.

McKick—Is he in jail?

O'Toole—Naw; he's in th' hospittle!—Baltimore American.

About the Size of It.

"Aunt Amy!"

"Yes, Ethel."

"What is a confession?"

"Gossiping about yourself, my dear."—Puck.

A lazy man can never know the joy of a well earned rest.—Atchison Globe.

HOW EAGLES FIGHT.

A Furious Battle Between Two of the Big Birds.

A small party of gentlemen, most all of whom had theories of sporting proclivities in their blood, were discussing the subject of chicken fighting. An old farmer from Rappahannock county, Va., broke into the conversation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "in my time I have seen some fine up chicken fights, but the greatest fight I ever saw between birds in all my born days was a contest between a bald eagle and a gray eagle near my old place in Rappahannock.

"This fight took place on the bank of the river. I couldn't forget it if I lived to be as old as Methuselah. I was the only spectator and saw the struggle from start to finish. The bald eagle had caught a muskrat and was about to eat it for breakfast when the gray eagle soared down and attempted to rob the other one of its prey. Then commenced the combat, and, Lord, how the feathers flew! They fought with wings, beaks and talons, and I could hear the talons crack when they struck and tore each other. The sounds made by their wings as they buffeted one another were like explosions of musketry, while their screams and yells sounded demoniacal. The battle lasted fully fifteen minutes and wound up with a victory for old baldy, who drove the gray eagle away and then resumed his interrupted breakfast.

"Oh, yes, there are a great many eagles up in my part of the state," said the old agriculturist in reply to a question. "There are plenty of high rocks and lofty trees whereon they build their nests. We farmers do not give them any latitude, however. Whenever one of these big birds is seen soaring about the poultry yard, or, in fact, anywhere about the farm, it's 'Johnnie, get your gun,' because it not infrequently happens that good sized chickens, young lambs or little pigs are carried away by them, so they're very unwelcome visitors."—Washington Star.

YACHT RACING.

This Expensive Sport Was Begun in England in 1662.

Though vessels answering to the character of yachts were in use by royal personages from an early date—Queen Elizabeth, for instance, had one built at Cowes, Isle of Wight, in 1588—the word "yacht" was not used until the year 1660, when the Dutch presented a "jacht" named the Mary to Charles II., says the London Chronicle. In Evelyn's Diary, under Oct. 1, 1661, occurs the entry, "I sailed this morning with his majesty in one of his yachts, vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India company presented that curious piece to the king, being very excellent sailing vessels."

Yacht racing commenced in 1662, when Charles II., who had some yachts built for him by Sir Phineas Pett, wagered $700 that a yacht of his would beat a Dutch one owned by his brother, the Duke of York, afterward James II.

But the growth of yacht sailing was slow, and it is not until 1720 that an authentic record of a yacht club is found, in which year the Cork Harbor Water club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht club, was formed. In 1812 a similar club, the Yacht club, was formed at Cowes by some fifty yachtsmen. This club in 1820 attracted the notice of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., when its title was altered to the Royal Yacht squadron. Cowes. Fourteen years later William IV. presented the first royal cup to this club. But in 1851 only 500 yachts were in existence. Since the international yacht race of that year the increase in the number has been immense.

In America, the Chronicle says, "the sport may be said to have commenced in 1814, in which year the New York Yacht club was formed, and the history of that club is practically the history of American yachting."

It Was a Success.

A young lady who engages largely in church and mission work was recently the moving spirit in some amateur theatricals which were got up in the interest of a deserving local charity. The entertainment was billed, and the performance was duly given. But somehow or other no notice was taken of it in the local newspapers. A few days later a friend met the young lady in question, when the conversation turned to the theatricals.

"Was the entertainment a success?"

"I should think it was," replied the lady, with a smile. "Why, we got over $100."

"Is that so?" said the friend. "Then you must have had a large audience."

"Well, no," she replied. "We only took $1.50 at the door, but father gave us a check for $100 if we would promise never to do it again."—St. Joseph Press.

Knew His Business.

One of the best known lawyers of Philadelphia had a case in court against a man who kept a cigar store opposite one of the large hotels. The man had in some way broken the law.

"Do you mean to say," asked the lawyer, "that you have made a living out of that store for one year?"

"Yes," replied the man. "Gentlemen come from the hotel early in the morning and ask for fifteen and twenty five cent cigars. I hand them out five centers, and they don't know the difference."

"Impossible," said the lawyer.

"Oh, no, it isn't," said the storekeeper calmly. "I have done it on you several times."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Inquisitive Jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge as he concluded his charge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia even indirectly was the cause of the man's death the prisoner cannot be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, my lord," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, your honor; but they want to know how to spell pneumonia."—London Globe.

AN EARTHLY TRINITY.

Health and Wealth Ought to Be Linked With Happiness.

We are used to feel, to put it crudely, that folks who have health and money ought to be happy. And so they should. A sufficient income promotes comfort, and that contributes to cheerfulness of spirit, and to have health of course means to feel well, and that is a long step toward feeling good. But how far do we have to look to find persons with health to squander and more money than they know how to spend making strenuous efforts to attain happiness and merely achieving impaired health? If you have health and money you can usually buy pleasure, but enjoyment is a different article, and even when you have got enjoyment happiness may still elude you. Pleasure palls and sometimes demoralizes; enjoyment easily yields to weariness, but you don't get tired of being happy, and you may be ever so tired and be happy still.

Happiness is a state of satisfaction. One reason why it is so elusive may be because we human creatures are a complication of body, mind and spirit and require for our complete satisfaction a particularly nice adjustment of blessings and of conduct. If we indulge the body too much the other two partners become mutinous; if we overcultivate the mind the body may break down, and if we bestow all our attention on mind and body, the spirit, ignored, takes a sure vengeance on us for our neglect. It is so difficult so to measure and direct our efforts as to appease all the demands of our triplicate natures that the simpler way is to regard happiness as a byproduct, give over all direct attempts to acquire a constant supply of it and simply accept however much of it may come while we go about our business with such intelligence as we can. We can usually keep our bodies in fair repair if we are not too lazy or too self indulgent. If we have to earn our livings our minds and bodies, too, find occupation that is usually wholesome, and the discipline of work done, as it usually is, for others as well as for ourselves, helps to satisfy the exactions of the spirit.—Harper's Weekly.

"LOST AND FOUND" COLUMN

Pronounced the Most Interesting Part of a Newspaper.

An inveterate newspaper reader was overheard to say the other day, says the Chicago Tribune, after an hour's strict attention to the news: "The most entertaining part of a big daily is the 'Lost and Found' column. Some people look at the sporting news, others for the deaths and marriages, but lost articles and other rewards are my particular fancy. If you study these 'losts' you will have a pretty fair idea of your fellow creatures' common sense and their ability to hold on to what belongs to them. Sooner or later the horseshoe pin runs off with the hat pin, and the cluster diamond ring disappears with the pearl crescent. A popular elopement is in the purse with jewelry, but the lightsome fashion with which pocketbooks lose themselves in this sinful world shows how careless mortals be and that nobody ever learns anything by another's dear experience.

"The rewards offered for missing treasures indicate their value to the loser. Some are quite pathetically large, others recklessly so, but a saving clause is the laconic 'No questions asked,' and then I feel the case is truly desperate and the watch chain and locket must have departed under peculiar circumstances. 'The lady who was seen to pick up,' etc., is another thrilling instance of a loser's despair, for the chances are it is mere supposition, and 'no lady' picked up anything. Now and then it is a yellow headed parrot that goes astray to vary the endless variety of dogs whose owners publicly sorrow for their loss. About this live article there is always a sense of tragedy, and when I note a 'found dog' in the list I mentally congratulate whoever had the kind thought to advertise it and thus to put an end to the anxiety in its home."

The Valley of the Shadow.

The place which has the reputation of being the coldest between London and York is not ten miles from Charing Cross. It is the valley locally known as "the Valley of the Shadow," at the northern side of Royal Oak hill, between Child's hill and Finchley. The road makes a dip into a dell between green fields, and in the valley on the left a water cress farm, much patronized for its pennyorths by Sunday travelers, shows the existence of a plentiful supply of running water. In spring, autumn, winter, and one may include what stands for summer, there is a dividing line distinctly noticeable between the upper air and an unexpected layer of clammy chilliness which hangs motionless over the "Valley of the Shadow," though the sky may be blue and the trees green on either side. Most people prefer to travel down hill, but in this case it is quite a relief to leave that queer penetrating cold stratum for the mellow air of the hill above.—Westminster Gazette.

Fooling the Neighbors.

Terence O'Grady had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house in Ballybunion. He had been working for three days in his little garden when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones:

"Terence, me bhoy, come in to tay, toast and foive eggs."

Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen.

"Shure, Bridget, alannah, you're only coddin' me," he said.

"Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not yez it's the naybors O'im coddlin'."—London Telegraph.

Spain Brought Us Horses.

The Spaniards were the first to bring horses to this continent, though the paleontologists tell us that the rocks abound with fossils which show that equidæ were numerous all over America in the eocene period. It is a singular fact, however, that there were no horses in America when the first Europeans came hither.—John Gilmer Speed in Century.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. E. McDONALD, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find.
Just What You Want.
All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

MODERN PHARMACY.

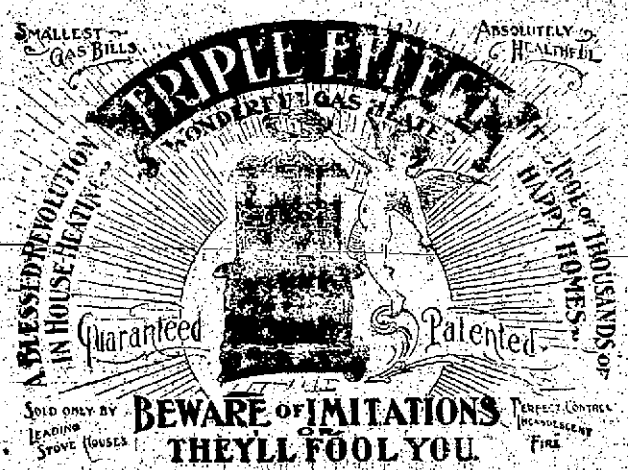
Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.



These Heaters need no pushing. We simply want you to know that we have them as usual.

A full line of others also.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new stove ad this week.

—The heavy frosts this week have been welcomed by the small boy who awaits Saturday and nut gathering.

—Fry & Herzog advertise furs, walking skirts and umbrellas this week. Every article advertised is a bargain.

—Leroy Waldo, a graduate of Warner's business college, has secured the position of bookkeeper for C. H. Daniels, the plumber.

—Lee Gross, a conductor on the B. & S. log train, was killed while on duty last week. His home was in Galeton and he had only been married a short time.

—Another Myer suspect was arrested at Shamokin last week, but he proved that he was not the man wanted for the murder of Mrs. Payne of Tioga county.

—The 41st semi-annual convention of the McKean County Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held at Kushequa last Thursday and Friday. It was a most successful meeting.

—John Dunn, a bachelor, aged about 60 years, was found dead in Galeton one day last week. He had been sick and was sent to a hospital, but escaped and was found dead in a shop.

—The trial of Eben Pierce, who is charged with the murder of Myron McNess, has been put over until the December term. The grand jury found a true bill against him.—Coudersport Democrat.

—Those wishing to attend the State Sunday School convention at Scranton, Oct. 13-15, can receive desired information regarding rates and delegate certificates from Mrs. F. W. Infield, county secretary, Mt. Jewett.

—Young people who desire an education to fit them for business or for the profession of teaching will find the Clarion State Normal School exactly suited to their needs. The instruction is thorough and the expenses are very low.

—The writer of obituary poetry is another fellow who is saddest when he sings. He is also very awkward with his poetic "feet." Death is a grave affair, no matter how it may come, but to indite misfit doggerel to its victims, is too much. Editors who have developed their mental attributes to such a degree that they may be described as having almost human intelligence should charge heavy advertising rates for obituary poetry.—Dennison's Notes in the *Era*.

—A Greensburg dispatch says: When Charles Kruger, convicted of the murder of Constable Bierer, received his sentence of death from Judge McConnell, he declared he had not had a fair trial; that the court and jury were against him and that he was unjustly condemned. When sentence was pronounced Kruger exclaimed to the judge, "I hope to meet you in hell." Then he turned upon his attorneys cursing everyone connected with his trial and conviction.

—Charles E. Norris passed through Allegany county a few days ago on his way from San Francisco to New York City. He was walking every foot of the way and had a book which contained the name of every train dispatcher and ticket agent along the line. An exchange says that he left San Francisco on August 8, 1901, a consumptive, weighing 96 pounds, with the assurance of a doctor that he could live but a short time. He now is well and healthy, weighing 134 pounds. He has worn out sixty-four pairs of shoes on the trip.—Ex.

The Value of a Vacation.

A vacation pays as much from the standpoint of character as from any other point of view. Just as "every man is a rascal when he is sick," so the best intentioned man in the world may be a brute when he is worn out physically and working and planning or trying to do so with a fagged, weary brain. The brutal qualities in a man's nature come to the surface when he has drained his vitality to the dregs. He loses his self control and his passions get the better of him. He does things which in his soul he condemns and says things for which he afterward hates himself, and all because he lacks physical stamina. The long strain of the year has made him so irritable and exacting that the merest trifle upsets him. He goes all to pieces over little things which he would not even notice if he were in good bodily condition.—Success.

American Grit.

"I'm used to being drowned," writes a Kansas City merchant, "but it is crowding the mourners to have the price of beef rise because the Missouri river does." That humorous stream, which now takes away your farm in the night and transfers it to your neighbor, now annexes his holdings to your own, now overflows you altogether, is a good symbol of American fortune. Bury the dead, get a new suit of clothes on credit, and to work again!—Everybody's Magazine.

An Old Jewish Cemetery.

The most interesting sight in Prague is the old Jewish cemetery. It is in the center of the city, surrounded by thick walls. There are thousands of ancient moss covered slabs, some bearing inscriptions of great antiquity which only Hebrew scholars can decipher. The cemetery is unused, but no other Jewish burial ground in Europe can compare with it for age or general interest to the antiquarian.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

Trip That Compares Favorably With the Big Rivers of Earth.

He who has made a voyage from St. Paul to St. Louis by boat in the springtime or the autumn has seen the finest river scenery that may be observed from the deck of a steamer excepting that of the Hudson and the Rhine. Yet few people are aware of the pleasure and beauty of such a trip. I have floated down nearly all of the great rivers. The Amazon from Manaos, the great rubber market, about 1,500 miles from the sea, is a vast, ugly volume of water without any beauty whatever. The Orinoco from Ciudad Bolivar is a small edition of the Amazon, although the tropical jungles which line its banks are mysterious in their denseness and are supposed to conceal all sorts of wild beasts and creeping things. The Parana, which flows from Paraguay down past Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, is more like the Mississippi than any of the others except that it lacks the bold cliffs and charming towns and villages that overlook the Father of Waters. The Magdalena of Colombia, the fourth largest river in South America, is a turbid stream that is either very low or very high, according as you travel in the rainy or dry season of the year. Its banks are lined with tropical forests, often impenetrable, and it changes its course as often as the Missouri. It has a wild sort of splendor, but it does not compare with the Mississippi in any respect.

In Europe the Danube is more like the Mississippi than any other river and drains a similar country. The passenger boats are much superior because the proprietors cater to the tourist patronage. For several centuries the governments of the provinces through which the Danube runs have been improving its channel and walling up its banks so that along at least half its course it is now more of an artificial than a natural stream. At one point where it flows through a mountain gorge in the Balkans the scenery is more striking than any along the Mississippi, but for the rest of the way the latter is much superior. The Volga in Russia is a good deal like the Missouri, a tiny, muddy stream, with clay banks that are not at all attractive. The Rhine, of course, everybody knows about, and for romance, ruins and other artificial attractions and traditions it is incomparable.

The Nile has been utilized by tourist agencies greatly to their profit and equally to the pleasure of their patrons, although there is very little natural scenery, and the greatest attractions are the venerable ruins, the mysteries of the desert through which it flows and the picturesque Arab settlements that line its banks. If similar accommodations for travelers that are now found on the Nile could be placed upon the Mississippi and the boats managed with equal skill and liberality the enjoyment of the voyage would be much greater, but I suppose people will continue to visit and admire the attractions of Europe no matter what may be said of those that lie nearer home.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Boston the Literary Center.

The assertion that Boston was the literary center—without quotation marks—during the period in which American literature acquired a shelf of its own in the library of the race is hardly open to dispute. The production of books possessing something like permanence is perhaps the most characteristic mark of a center to which the term "literary" in its true meaning of "related to literature" may be applied. Name the American writers whose work has stood the test of half a century, and, with a few notable exceptions, they belong to Boston and its neighborhood. All this is thrice familiar. The record of it in outline or detail is a story which has been told by many tongues and many pens.—M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Atlantic.

Willful Woman.

After the old gentleman had invited the young one to be seated the latter coughed once or twice to clear his throat and then timidly suggested that he wished to marry the old gentleman's daughter.

The old gentleman didn't wish to be too ready to give his consent, but he admitted after a few minutes, he thought he had no objections.

"That's just the trouble," protested the young man disconsolately. "If you'd only oppose it and order me out of the house once or twice and buy a bulldog I'd have some show of getting her."—New York Press.

What It Really Lacked.

"I put in the French phrases here and there," said the would be author, "to give the book an atmosphere of culture."

"H'm!" remarked the critic. "It would have helped a bit if you had put in a little good English in spots."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Delay Has Advantages.

First Farmer—You oughter took a trip to New York years ago.

Second Farmer—Oh, I dunno. The longer you wait the more there is to see.—Judge.

The Night Traveler's Experience.

There is no place like home, especially when you are riding in a sleeping car.—Philadelphia Record.

It's well enough to aim at stars, but there are things below the level of stars which are worth the winning.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Grain-O Pure Food Co., La Roy, N. Y.

WHEN ONE IS A GUEST.

The Pleasures of Visiting and the Duties of the Visitor.

It is a pleasing sensation to wake up in the morning and feel that one is a guest. Strange wall papers and strange furniture surround one's bed, and there is a strange view out of the window. All the jostling demons of worry, anxiety and responsibility, whether domestic or professional, who stand ready to crowd upon our consciousness vanish in the unfamiliar environment. We have got away out of the claws of the usual and lie blissfully waiting for a knock at the door which shall have an unfamiliar sound.

Downstairs we find new faces, new pictures, strange books, a fresh standpoint. Life has a new savor. We taste it everywhere—in the atmosphere and in the conversation, even in the bread and the salt. Our first sensation is that everything depends upon somebody else. It is nothing to do with us whatever happens. But presently the old truism of our childhood, that every situation in life has its duties, comes back to our mind, and though with our waking thoughts we cast off those of the home dweller we must immediately prepare to take on those of a guest, at least if we are constitutionally conscientious, which, alas, all guests are not. They may indeed be divided by this conscience test into visiting sheep and visiting goats.

The motto of the conscientious guest is Mme. Mohl's well known saying, "It is a shame to eat another man's bread and give him nothing in return!" Such a one should be a joy to his hostess, but in the holiday world of hosts and guests, as in workaday life, good intentions do not always insure success. The conscientious sometimes fail where the unconscientious succeed.—London Spectator.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

The Aborigines of Peru Have Developed It Wonderfully.

How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking, says the London Mail. Yet the matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by the finest balance. A cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than 850,000,000 dust particles. A drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about a million of red flattened corpuscles. Still, though matter is so marvelously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy. Yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how marvelously fine is their discriminating power. Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semisavage. The aborigines of Peru can in the darkest night and in the thickest woods distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell. Much we have gained by civilization, but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is in the inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably. The faithful dog puts him to shame.

Greek Noses.

We learn that the nose of Socrates was not Greek, but such as Greek artists usually assigned to satyrs. Occasionally, as in a beautiful group of a satyr playing dice with a nymph on a bronze mirror, they gave satyrs another kind of nose. The noses of the ladies in the Tanagra terra cottas are of all agreeable orders of nose, not necessarily Greek. The chances are that the Greeks varied as much as we do in their noses, while the tradition of their art preferred the conventional straight nose. In the same way the kind of Romans who had their portraits done on coins and gems were just the sort of energetic conquering people who have Roman noses everywhere, like William of Orange and the Duke of Wellington.—London Saturday Review.

RED

Red is the color of danger, whether on the semaphore or on the skin. When the face is reddened by eruptions, when boils break out on the body, or the angry red of sores and ulcers is displayed in the flesh, it is nature's danger signal. The blood is obstructed and tainted by impurities, and there can be no safety until the blood is made pure.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, and removes the effete matter which clogs and corrupts it. It cures pimples, boils, eczema, scrofula, sores, ulcers and other consequences of impure blood.

"I feel greatly thankful for what your medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. Chas. Hood, of Kalkaska, Mich., "I suffered with scrofula of the head for twelve years. Tried every kind of medicine that I heard of but found no cure. Every one that looked at my head said they never saw anything like it. The last doctor I doctored with before applying to you I got worse every day. Was so miserable that I was unable to do any work at all. After taking two or three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and using the local treatment you prescribed for me, I was cured and my head was entirely free from scrofula."

Accept no substitute for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is no other medicine which is "just as good" for diseases of the blood and the eruptions which are caused by the blood's impurity.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Banking on Paint

The practical painter says, you can "bank" on Patton's Sun-Proof Paint because it saves the cost of at least one painting every five years. The painter "banks" on it because it gives him a reputation.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint

is made in exact proportions—of the most durable materials, perfectly mixed by improved machinery. It is the best spreading, longest wearing paint, and has the most brilliant and lasting colors. Guaranteed to wear for five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the

FISH, QUART or GALLON.

"Coff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee,

Made from good ground ground-nuts, buttered butter-nuts, and selected hips, haws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Takachewn, the modern bran-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 2½ hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastem, Hikahika, Coffeyatta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well well men sick and dead men thankful. Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?

However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree. Drink "C. & S. coffee." At

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. RACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
LEON CURTIS,
of Keating township.

JOHN M. BAILEY, president judge of the 20th judicial district, dropped dead in his bath room early Sunday morning at his home in Huntingdon.

THE McKean Democrat is bitterly opposed to the action of the Democratic county convention held in the court house last week. Just why he takes this stand is beyond our comprehension. Ever since the Democrat has been under the present management that paper has advocated a purely non-partisan judiciary in this district and now when the Democratic convention acted in accordance with Mr. Lindsley's previous views he denounces their action in very strong terms. Judge Bouton is an able and popular man, who would have been elected by a large majority even if he had not been nominated or endorsed by the Democrats and why the Democrat should oppose his endorsement by the Democrats of this county is impossible to understand.

THE New York Evening Post says: Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania recently made a speech at Wilkesbarre in which he once more attempted to defend the Salus libel law, his approval of which brought down upon him a perfect storm of ridicule. He says nothing now about fiends of offenders dropping into baskets, or the drawing and quartering of critics and malcontents. Indeed, he speaks in a strangely apologetic tone. He says that the new statute is not really a libel law at all; that it leaves the whole matter of libel precisely where it was before. But the governor cannot pretend that he had any such view of the law when he urged its passage and gave it executive approval. He still must face his amazing memorandum filed with the signed bill.

HON. THOS. A. MORRISON, our candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, is one of the ablest jurists in this Commonwealth and his elevation to this position is doing much for the advancement of justice and equity to litigants in that court, especially in disposing of cases peculiar to this section of the state. Judge Morrison is generally recognized as the best authority in this Commonwealth on questions of law in relation to cases arising through the oil and lumbering operations in Pennsylvania. His knowledge of and familiarity with oil and timber leases, contracts, etc., and the controversies which arise over the same, is far superior to any other judge in that august body, because of his vast experience in this kind of litigation. With Judge Morrison on the Superior Court bench thousands of dollars will be saved to litigants because his decisions will be right and his opinions will be clear and convincing. He will receive a large complimentary vote where he is best known and will be elected by an unusually large majority.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28, 1903.

An extremely difficult problem confronts the President, who returned to the White House to-day, and who will immediately take up the case of William Miller and the whole question of reforms in the government printing office. No official statement has been made thus far, but the situation may be summarized as follows, with reasonable accuracy: The discharge of Miller, followed by his reinstatement by the President, has already been told in these letters. Out of that incident grew the investigation recently completed. Miller sent a long letter to the President in which he made various charges as to the domination of the printing office by the unions, the extravagant methods employed, etc. These charges caused the President to ask Secretary Cortelyou to investigate the entire printing office and Mr. Cortelyou assigned the task to Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent and Chief of Corporations Garfield. Their report, which is now in the hands of the President, substantiates many of Miller's charges and points the way to reforms which promise to save the government thousands of dollars a year. Meanwhile, the Bookbinders' Union has secured the past record of Miller and has filed many charges against his private life. Sargent and Garfield also found that Miller was of a quarrelsome disposition, dictatorial and arbitrary, and a man who, in the position of foreman, caused friction and dissatisfaction. In a word, he is a man ill fitted to manage men, quite irrespective of the union factor in the situation. There is little doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, Miller would be promptly discharged. On the other hand, there are likely to ensue extensive and radical reforms as a result of Miller's having brought the matter to the attention of the President, and his interest in his work and in economical administration will secure for him more than ordinary consideration by the President. Again, the charges preferred by the union are so serious that it will be almost impossible for the President to ignore them. In fact it is generally believed that they will compel the President to discharge Miller for the good of the public service, but from whatever standpoint he looks at it Mr. Roosevelt is bound to find the situation perplexing.

Although the date on which Congress will convene in extraordinary session is still more than a month away, November 9, there are already many indications of approaching political activity. At the capitol all is activity preparing the chambers and committee rooms for the advent of Senate and House. Furniture is being repolished, carpets laid, walls repaired and decorations touched up, while great quantities of coal are being stored in the cavernous basement. Representative Cannon, the Speaker-to-be, has been in Washington and engaged a house, and numerous other members of Congress are here looking after their winter quarters. Members of the cabinet are returning to the city, the White House is radiant with new paint and the fall flowers in the White House gardens are showing a wealth of bloom, especially the great beds of cosmos at the rear of the house.

Notwithstanding the fact that Columbia permitted the time stipulated for the ratification of the Panama canal to expire without making any progress towards ratification or even asking an extention of time, there seems to be a general confidence that the United States will eventually build the canal and build it by the Panama route. The explanation that local political conditions in Colombia prevented the ratification of the treaty is generally accepted, together with the assertion that Colombia will after the presidential election to occur there in December be ready to negotiate a new treaty on an entirely reasonable basis, the objection to the present treaty having been that it was feared by each of several presidential candidates that it would mean that one of their competitors would get the supervision of the $10,000,000 purchase price.

Senator Foraker and Representative Dick of Ohio have been in Washington during a part of the past week and brought news of the Ohio campaign. They say that Senator Hanna, notwithstanding his indisposition, will speak in fourteen towns during the last ten days of the campaign, which, it is admitted, is a pretty strenuous undertaking. There is not the slightest doubt in the mind of either Senator Foraker or Representative Dick as to the final outcome of the campaign. In fact, they place the majority for Hanna in the next legislature at from 30 to 40 votes on joint ballot. As to the challenge of John H. Clarke, issued to Senator Hanna to meet him in joint debate Representative Dick said he had not received the challenge before leaving Ohio and that could not discuss it until he had done so, and Senator Foraker frankly said that were he in Senator Hanna's place, he would decline it and it may be pretty confidently predicted that this will be Mr. Hanna's course.

There have been no startling developments in the postoffice investigation during the past week, although some important indictments are expected in the near future, one of them to involve State Senator Green again for complicity with Beavers in inducing the government to purchase stamp canceling machines from the Doremus Canceling Machine Company, of which Green is an officer. Green has been making violent resistance to the efforts of the government to place him under bail to appear in Washington for trial and it is possible that the government will have to resort to the same, or similar tactics, to those employed in the case of Beavers. The United States Commissioner, Hall, who is an appointee of Judge Ray, is inclined to release Green unless the United States presents its entire case in the Binghamton court. In that event the Department of Justice will probably permit Green to be set free, but will hold the indictment over his head and arrest him the first time he sets foot outside of the Binghamton jurisdiction.

Denver and Return $42.00.

On account of Brotherhood of St. Andrew's meeting at Denver, the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Oct. 3 to 7 special excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo or Colorado Springs, Colo., at rate $42.00, good returning to Oct. 31. A splendid opportunity to visit Colorado; good through train service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shot guns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

Subscribe for the MINER.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

LADIES' TAILOR MADE SUITS.

We are now ready with the very latest styles in Ladies' Suits, those that will last stylish the longest. The changes this season are radical, but if you would have your suit of the highest character of improved gracefulness do not pass this splendid stock. The $12.50, $15, $18 to $25 suits present some of the best values we have ever offered.

DRESS GOODS FOR FALL.

We have given our very best care and years of experience to the selecting of Dress Goods for this season's business. Plain Goods, Zibelines, Broad Cloth, Venetians, Scotch Mixtures, Etc., are here in great assortment, 50c to $2.00 per yard. If not convenient to call send for samples. We feel sure you will appreciate the good values in both black and colors.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

MOTHERS

No matter how rough your boy is on his clothes

WE HAVE SUITS

and Shoes and Shirt Waists for just such youngsters.

You can get here the BEST suit for $1.00, and a real good one for $2.50.

50c for a Mother's Friend Shirt Waist, 50c.

They have detached belts to make washing easy, and riveted buttons so the boy can't tear 'em off.

$1.35 SCHOOL SHOE $1.35

If you would spend $2.00 for a pair you could positively get none better than these at $1.35.

Wm. Monheimer.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Get Into Line

And follow the crowd to our store where you will find a complete assortment of shoes.

Shoes for Men,
Shoes for Ladies
Shoes for Children.

We have shoes for everybody and we guarantee to please in style and price. New goods are arriving daily. Call and look over our stock.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Relable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O W DICKERSON.

When The Leaves Begin To Turn

And the cool breezes blow from the north the man who cares to dress well begins to think of a new suit. There is good sense in thinking about it, for, though often wrong, the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes.

Dress well, but dress economically. Get the most for your money. We aim to supply the clothing wants of every man in Smethport.

We cater to all classes.

We have on hand ready for your inspection a full line of the following:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Young's and Bonar's Hats.
Terhune Union Made Shoes.
Superior Sweaters.

And we can also make you a suit or overcoat to order.

Call in and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

Your old and Reliable Clothier.

H. W. RUBIN.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.
Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

We give Red Trading Stamps.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY COTTON VESTINGS.

Newest Material for Autumn Shirt Waists.

The washable heavyweight Shirt Waist has come to stay. It is cleanly and comfortable, and may be as dressy as one could want for the materials—chiefly plain and fancy vestings—are as novel and handsome as woolen fabrics, and some of them are as rich as silk.

Mercerized Basket Weave Vestings.
25C TO 90C

Six styles in this popular weave.

Mercerized Novelty Vestings.
AT 45C TO 89C

Several styles within this price range, in fancy Jacquard and raised fancy effects.

Mercerized Ottoman Vestings
AT 35C TO 87C

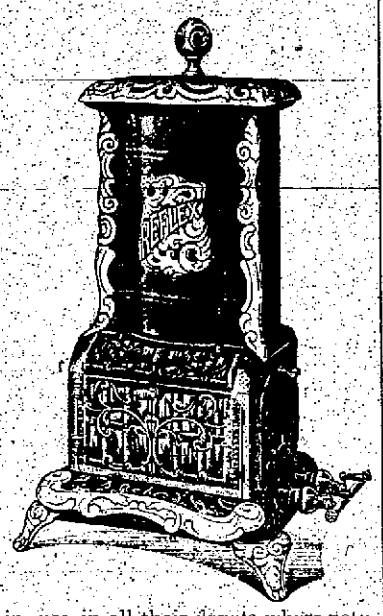
Heavyweight woven with an Ottoman effect in various styles of stripes.

THE NEW DRESS FABRICS.

An adequate idea of the scope and character of these New Fall Goods can be obtained only through a personal inspection.

Our display of sheer fabrics for evening gowns surpasses that of any previous season. Broadcloths, Venetians, Zibelines and Prunellas in a wide range of colors are shown, together with a variety of beautiful mixtures.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Now for football.

—Crimipal court next week.

—Will Smethport have a football team this season?

—F. W. Strong, the plumber, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—The new advertisement of H. H. Redfield tells all about stoves this week.

—H. W. Rubin has a new clothing and furnishing advertisement in this issue.

—Ladies' tailor made suits and dress goods for fall are advertised by Bell Bros., Olean, this week.

—J. O. Hamlin has something to say about hearing stoves which is very interesting just at this time.

—Mrs. Wilson Hatch of this place is quite ill at the home of her father, Judge Lowrey of Portville, N. Y.

—The new advertisement of F. G. Lindholm & Co. is unusually interesting this week. Read it carefully

—The M. E. church choir was pleasanty entertained last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell.

—Attorney Eugene Mullin of Bradford is steadily improving and at this writing it is thought that he will recover.

—Wm. Geibel, a graduate of Warner's Business College, has secured a first-class position as bookkeeper for the Penn'a Glass Tube Co.

—The girls of the Freshman class, or 9th grade, were entertained by the girl members of the Sorority at the high school Tuesday evening.

—W. H. McCrea, formerly a well-known oil man of Bradford, died from apoplexy at Yenningyal, Upper Burmah, one day last week.

—Andrew Reilly, one of the oldest residents of this borough, is seriously ill at his home on Fulton street. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

—Miss Rena Allen is taking a business course in Westbrook's College, Olean, N. Y. She was a graduate of the class of '03 in the Port Allegany High School.

—The stores of H. W. Rubin, William Monheimer and Max Schoolar are closed to-day, this being a Jewish holiday.

—Arrangements are being made for a game of ball between Austin and Smethport at Kane field next Saturday afternoon.

—Mrs. Mary Hussey gave a card party at her home on Green street last Friday for Mrs. W. T. Seger. Refreshments were served and all had a delightful time.

—W. C. Dickeson of Norwich township wishes to tender his thanks to all who did so much for him and his son, Frank A. Dickeson, during his sickness and after his death.

—Rev. G. H. Patterson has been returned by the M. E. conference to the Smethport Methodist Episcopal church for another year. He will hold services as usual next Sunday morning and evening.

—The eighth annual convention of the McKean County Sabbath School Association will be held at Kane on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8 and 9. An excellent program has been arranged for this meeting.

—Master Joe, son of George Silfies of Clermont, had his right leg broken while playing at school Friday. Dr. Chadwick was called and reduced the fracture and the little is improving as rapidly as possible.

—Hamnet Pet Animal Show will be at the Lyceum on Wednesday, Oct. 7. A matinee will be given after school hours in the afternoon and the evening performance will be given at the usual hour. Popular prices.

—The ladies of St. Elizabeth's Society will serve a hot chicken dinner from 6 to 8 o'clock at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, Oct. 6th. Dancing and lunch will follow in the evening. Music by the Lyceum Orchestra.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The lesson at the morning service will be on "Going up Higher," and at the evening service, "Saul, the First King of Israel."

—Smethport has two orchestras now. The new one will be known as Chadwick's Orchestra and is made up of the following well-known musicians: John E. Chadwick, cornet; Lloyd Downey, violin; James Quirk, clarionet; Mrs. H. C. Wells, piano.

—The ladies of the Brooklyn side will give a chicken pie dinner and supper at the hose house next Wednesday. Dinner at 12 m. and supper at 6 p. m. Price 25 cents. The proceeds will be used for the improvement of the cemetery.

—The Bradford High School football team defeated the Kane High School team on Saturday by a score of 36 to 0. The game was played in Bradford. At Buffalo the Olean High School eleven were defeated by the Masten Park team by a score of 52 to 0.

—Mrs. Sarah (Shea) Lindquist of Keating township was arrested on a warrant sworn out by John Hendrickson of Newerf on Monday, charging her with selling a revolver to his eleven-year-old son. She was held in $200 bail for her appearance at the October term of court.

—Coudersport had three destructive fires last week. Sunday the livery barn of Fee & Huff was destroyed. Tuesday the barn of Samuel Haskins was burned to the ground. Thursday the Second Ward drug store was badly damaged. All of the fires occurred in the early morning.

—The members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to be in attendance at the meeting Wednesday, October 7th, at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel, and to each bring a friend with them. All are invited to hear the report from the delegate to the county convention held in Kushequa Sept. 24 and 25. Light refreshments will be served.

—Iva Bell, a 17-year-old Bradford girl who was arrested in that place Saturday night, attempted suicide by taking carbolic acid after she was lodged in the lockup. She was removed to the hospital and is on the road to recovery. Iva has led a wild life and she feared being sent to Morganza, so she tried to end her life. She was sent to the reform school yesterday.

—The Allen Villair Comedy Co. held forth at the Lyceum Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The performance was no more than is expected of a 10, 20, 30 aggregation, and after the first night, by special request, the specialties were cut out. The company complained of the size of the audience and the audience complained of the quality of the show.

—We have placed a number of our subscription accounts in the hands of a collector and those who are owing us more than two years' subscription need not be surprised if they receive notice from this collection agency. Others will be sent soon unless we receive their remittances. Our reason for doing this is that the money is due us and we need it to carry on our business.

—A new swindle is being worked out by a man who pretends to be selling canary birds. They are of a beautiful yellow and the agent demands ten dollars each for the songsters, but is willing to accept one dollar down and call for the balance after the bird has demonstrated its singing ability. After the supposed canary takes its first bath it develops to be an ordinary sparrow.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Susie Wilcox, a 13-year-old girl of Shingle House, shot herself in the abdomen with a 22-calibre rifle at her home last Saturday. She was taken to the Olean hospital and the chances for her recovery are about even. There are two stories in relation to this accident. One is that she was playing with the gun when it was discharged by accident and the other is that she shot herself on purpose because her mother had been scolding her.

—The wonderful trotting record of 2 minutes flat, made by Lou Dillon a short time ago, was tied by Major Delmar on the Empire City track at Yonkers last Friday. He made the first quarter in :30½, the second in :28; the third in :30, and the full mile in just two minutes. Major Delmar, the fastest gelding in the world, is owned by E. E. Smathers. Major Delmar and Lou Dillon will probably have a match race in the near future.

—Last Friday evening Sheriff Mays received a telephone message from the paymaster of the P., S. & N. R. R. that a riot was threatened by the Italians at Palmerville and his aid was requested to keep them quiet. He secured a posse and as soon as he made his appearance everything quieted down without any serious trouble. The trouble was caused by the Italians wanting their pay before the regular pay day, owing to the fact that they wanted to go elsewhere.

—On second reading Editor Leymon of the Port Allegany Reporter evidently has become convinced that this paper did not accuse the girls of that place of "lewd and immoral conduct." Or, perhaps, he showed our article to the office boy or some other person of ordinary intelligence and in that way learned that we offered no insult to the fair sex of Port Allegany. Any way he did not have anything to say after we republished our article along with his in regard to this matter.

—A Rothschild in Paris goes to jail for one day because he scorched with his motor car. General Russell A. Alger pays a fine of $75 for some slight matter of forgetfulness. The Duke of Portland gets in trouble for the injuries of a poacher. George Gould manages to get reinstated in the Lakewood fire department after a year's effort. George was one of the liveliest men in the department, but was fired out for nonpayment of dues—$1.25. He had to pull every political wire in the Western Union office to get back. These be hot times for big men. The impartiality of Mrs. Justice is most amazing. She is becoming harder to buy every day.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

F. D. Gallup had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Forrest is visiting in Buffalo this week.

E. R. Mayo, Esq., was a business visitor in Eldred yesterday.

Miss Jessie Bush returned home from a visit to Ridgway on Monday.

C. C. Lowry of "Nickel Plate" fame was a visitor in town this week.

Guy B. Mayo and the Misses Mayo visited Port Allegany Saturday.

Miss Martha Brennan returned home Saturday from a visit to Buffalo.

Dr. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was a spectator at the ball game yesterday.

Editor Habgood of the Bradford Star was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Brown of Hazelhurst were visitors in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle and Mrs. Lottie Andrews visited Port Allegany Saturday.

E. L. Ryan and R. P. Verdon of Kane saw the Coudersport-Smethport game here Tuesday.

Miss Belle Wilson of Colegrove was the guest of Smethport friends the latter part of last week.

Emmett, Paul and Miss Bessie Quinlisk of Lindsey, Pa., are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin, who has been visiting relatives in town, returned to her home in Austin to-day.

Frank Knox, Sam Glassmire and James Covey of Coudersport saw their ball team go down to defeat here Tuesday.

Hon. Thomas A. Morrison left this morning for Philadelphia where he will sit on the bench at the session of Superior Court.

Louis P. Feitig and Louis Feitig, Jr., of Philadelphia were guests of their sister and aunt, Mrs. E. L. Keenan, for a few days last week.

Killed at Roulette.

At about 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon of last week James Clifford, aged about 21 years, was killed while in the employ of the Gray Chemical company.

He was engaged in driving a horse attached to one of the cars that take wood to the plant. In stepping between the horse and the car while in motion his foot caught in a frog in the switch. Being unable to remove it, he was knocked down and the heavily loaded car passed lengthwise over his leg, splitting it open from the ankle to the knee and badly breaking the other one above the knee. No one witnessed it, but the young man was conscious for some time and told them how the accident happened.

Medical aid was immediately summoned and all that was possible was done to relieve the young man's suffering, but he was beyond human aid and died about 10 o'clock that night.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 26, 1903:

Chanley Booth, Frank Dehn, S. M. Ellis, Morabbite Saverio fu Francesco, Emilo Christuziano, Foreign Casadente Vincenze Di Giuseppi.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Going Hunting?

Don't forget we are selling a first class single barrel, breech loading shotgun for only $1.50. A great gun bargain, but we have others. Look us up.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Fresh Baltimore oysters. They are the finest in the market and the prices are reasonable. N. M. Harrington of the Model restaurant will serve them in any style or furnish them in bulk.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has had the Bell telephone placed in his office. Call number 21.

Get your oysters at Harrington's Restaurant. They are the best.

Success!

A Commercial or Shorthand Course means success. The success of our graduates the past 21 years is positive proof. Students begin any time; individual instruction.

Send for booklet and rates. No agents.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY,
Olean, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10C & 15C

FRY & HERZOG

FIVE DOLLAR WALKING SKIRTS.

A new lot possessing all the style, quality and fine tailoring of Skirts, priced elsewhere at $6.00 to $7.00.

They're made of popular all wool cloths such as Zibelines, Scotch Suitings, Cheviots, Novelty Goods, etc., and are cut to the latest fashion. Attend to your skirt needs now. There's a positive saving of a dollar or two per skirt on this lot. While they last, each $5.00

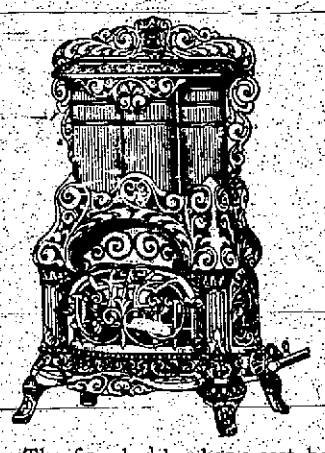
DOLLAR UMBRELLAS.

One lot of ladies' black umbrellas with taffeta silk covers and natural handles. Good $1.25 values.
Special, each - - - - - $1.00.

FURS.

We are bringing out the new furs this week. Squirrel is one of the newer things that will please you. Drop in and see our assortment.

FRY & HERZOG.



OUR LEADER THE GARNET JEWEL.

Handsome in Appearance
Durable in Construction
Powerful and Odorless Heater
Economical in Fuel

The fire chamber has a cast bottom on which rest two powerful burners, which may be easily removed for cleaning. Either one or both may be operated according to the amount of heat required at any given time.

We claim that the Garnet Jewel gives off the most heat from the least fuel. The greatest selection of all kinds of Heating Stoves in the county. See us before purchasing.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

BIG BARGAINS.

Offered for a few weeks to reduce stock and make room for fall goods. Another object is to raise money and the low prices must do it.

Diamonds and Watches

have never been sold at such prices and you make a mistake if you miss this opportunity.

Solid Silver and Jewelry.

Besides all other lines are included in the cut prices. No old stock all new and up-to-date.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town. **Prill,** 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Hagberg & Sherburne's New Meat Market

is the place where everything is neat and clean, and every branch of the business is run in a first-class manner.

We have bought and completely renovated the Hussey Market on Main street and now we are prepared to supply our customers with the choicest of meats, fish, poultry, etc., at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee every article bought at our market to be the best to be had.

Come and look over our market and stock and we are certain that you will be our customer in the future.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

SMETHPORT — PENN'A.

I. C. BRAND

By EDWARD MARSHALL

Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure

Lieutenant Phillips, U. S. V., had been inspecting government property out in the corral, but the heat had driven him into his tent, which was pitched just on the edge of a coffee plantation.

It was at the time when our government was withdrawing from Porto Rico the vast number of horses, army wagons and other transportation paraphernalia which had been necessary during the war. Inspection duty is only given to men who are thoroughly trustworthy. Especially is this true in Porto Rico. There were large quantities of government property there after the surrender, most of it in good condition. The planters thereabouts, who had lost a season's crops through the war, were anxious to cheaply re-equip their plantations with wagons, horses and mules. It was because the honest gentlemen had a tendency to offer "inducements" to inspecting officers to condemn good property, which the planters could afterward buy for a song at the auction, that especial care was used in the selection of inspecting officers. Lieutenant Phillips was one of the elect.

On such government property as is condemned the "I. C." brand is placed. "I. C." means inspected and condemned. It is not wise for a civilian to have in his possession any property which bears the mark "U. S." and does not also bear the mark "I. C." Both are stenciled in black paint on tentage canvas, blankets and such like, burned into the bodies of wagons and other wooden articles and branded on the flanks of horses and mules.

Lieutenant Phillips kept the irons in his own possession for fear they might be used unscrupulously. He carried them, with their brazier still half full of hot coals, to the rear of his tent so that what little breeze there was would blow the heat away from him. Then he removed his heavier garments.

It had been a hard day for the lieutenant. Early in the morning he had been chief witness at a court martial which had convicted an American soldier of having cruelly treated his wife, a beautiful Porto Rican girl. The accused, Luigi Aranado, was a swarthy fellow of Italian parentage.

Lieutenant Phillips remembered with discomfort the fierce look the man had thrown at him as, handcuffed, he had been led away to the guardhouse. But, although the lieutenant had the pink cheeks of a girl and never a suspicion of a mustache upon his upper lip, he had a reputation for fearlessness.

Before he settled down to sleep he released from the ventilated box a pair of little lizards. They are of the variety called chameleons and can be easily tamed by any one who will occasionally give them a sip of sugar and water, a few flies or some other dainties dear to the heart. Many of our soldiers in Porto Rico so tamed them, and Lieutenant Phillips was among their number.

When he finally lay down on his camp cot they took their stations, one upon his pillow, one upon his chest. They knew instinctively that he did not like to have them on his face, for whenever they trespassed on this territory he moved restlessly, but their presence near his face was quite sufficient to keep most of the flies away.

While the lieutenant was making all these preparations for his siesta there was an unpleasant eye watching him through the open space left by the lifting of the back flap of the tent. The eye was in the head of the man whom the lieutenant had given evidence against that morning. Luigi Aranado had escaped. Below the eye, but wholly hidden in the push, there were two hands, and in one of them there was a knife. The man was waiting until the lieutenant should fall asleep.

The tent's flaps moved lazily in the sleepy breeze. Now and then one of the little lizards made a lightning dart, and a fly had perished. The lieutenant slept peacefully. Everything was as it should be when noon approaches in the tropics.

Still the figure crouched, watchful and silent. At length the man crept forward till he was full in the tent; then he stopped and drew from his blouse a tiny vial. He was near enough to have used the knife, but he evidently had other purposes. Perhaps he wished to grant over his victim before the blow fell. His glance had fallen upon the brazier and the branding irons.

Slowly and noiselessly he rose to his feet. It was a mistake, for it startled the lizards. Disobeying their training, they scampered over the face of the sleeper.

It half woke him, and he looked up lazily, but before he could more than catch a glimpse of the evil eyes and gleaming blade, before he could halloo for help, the man flung himself upon him and in the lieutenant's nostrils entered the deadly fumes of chloroform. Then he lost consciousness.

The Italian raised himself cautiously—the stupor might be feigned. But a moment's scrutiny relieved his fears. In a twinkling he had bound the lieutenant hand and foot and thrust a gag into his mouth.

"Killing wouldn't be enough," the desperado muttered fiercely. "I'll mark him for life, so I will."

The lizards meanwhile had darted up on the canvas of the tent. They had done all that they could in waking the lieutenant. They could not fight for him.

And while the lizards watched with their beady eyes the intruder thrust the irons into the brazier. The lieutenant's eyes were open now, for the force of the opiate was spent. The desperado turned and caught their undaunted glance.

"Pig of a lieutenant!" he said viciously. "It is now I who have the power. I will wait until the irons heat, then we shall see what we shall see." And he kicked the helpless figure before he turned again to the brazier.

As he watched the metal turn from black to gray and flush into redness, a cruel smile disclosed his fanglike teeth.

"'Tis most ready, my lieutenant," he said tauntingly.

Noiselessly the tent flap swayed, as if moved by a gentle breeze. The man's back was turned. He was too intent on the brazier to see a slight figure which slipped through the aperture. It was Ysabel, his wife.

The girl's eyes dilated with horror as she glanced from the bound lieutenant to the deadly preparations of his enemy. Then with a little movement she snatched the pistol which lay on the table. At the sound the man at the brazier turned and found himself looking into the barrel held in her steady hands. He was a coward, and he quailed before her.

"Take those ropes off," she said imperiously in her musical Spanish, pointing to the lieutenant's hands. "If you do not I will shoot you."

There was a tremor in her voice, but her eyes were unflinching.

The lieutenant watched her, fascinated. Her husband, sullenly accepting defeat, began to untie the knots. At length the captive was released and the two stood silently before her. Both seemed overawed by the beauty and fearlessness of the woman.

Still pointing with her pistol, she cried:

"Now, go—go—go, Luigi, and never come back again." Without a word the desperado obeyed.

When the tent flap fell behind him the pistol dropped from her trembling fingers and she leaned against the table as if for support.

"Was it wrong to let him go?" she said appealingly. "You would have killed him if he had stayed, and I could not have stood that. I—loved him—once." There was a sob in her throat. "Now he will never dare to come back again. I shall be free from him. You will let him go for my sake?"

As the lieutenant glanced from the irons from which she had saved him to her pleading face he could not but consent. Yet, as she, too, disappeared behind the coffee bushes, he heard her choking sobs.

"The way of a woman is hard," said the lieutenant.

Casting a Statue.

Stiglmayer, a German goldsmith in the first part of the last century, having an ambition to attempt larger works than any he had accomplished, went to Naples in order to see the casting of Canova's statue of Charles III., but was denied the sight of certain secret technical processes. Stiglmayer found them out for himself nevertheless and as soon as he went home made his first experiment on a statuette of Venus. Many delays occurred, and the excitement increased as the end drew near. By some mistake one of his assistants poured his molten metal into the air hole. Then the casting came to a standstill.

"The crowd of lookers on," writes the poor founder in his diary, "stood first dumb about me and then slipped out one by one and left me with my pain."

In a month a second casting was begun and failed. With unbroken courage he began the third cast, and on Christmas eve the metal was again poured in. It ran into the mold and spurted joyfully out at the air hole.

"Our joy knew no bounds," he declares. "We raised a loud cry of joy and embraced and kissed each other. Pasquale, the helper, kissed the head of Phidias coming out of the broken form and burned his mouth, for it had not had time to cool."

The Sign Was Ruinous.

A member of the colored race who presides over the destinies of a barber shop in West Philadelphia is looking for a former customer who recently played a rather mean joke upon him. The customer in question was shaved regularly at the colored man's shop, and the proprietor held his opinion and advice in good regard. One morning the boss of the shop wanted a new and high toned sign to hang over the door, and he appealed to the aforesaid customer for an idea. The customer's wit was ready, and several days after the following sign was discovered hanging from the shop: "Tonsorial-Abattoir."

The next day the regular customer passed the shop and noticed the following over the door: "Barber Shop."

The proprietor is waiting for the regular customer, and the regular customer is waiting for a little collection of excitement to blow over.—Philadelphia Press.

Knew His Fate.

"Silas, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that moldy cheese today?"

"Mistress Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mistress Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mistress Brown bought it, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mistress Brown— Are you ill, sir?" asked Silas, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no! Only I'm going to tea at the Browns' tonight," replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.—London Tit-Bits.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Scalp, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

WHALES AS THEY DIVE.

Something About the Habits of the Ocean Monsters.

Both whalers and naturalists have usually held that when whales "sound" they descend to great depths, says Knowledge. One writer on the subject estimates that the larger members of the group dive fully a thousand yards. In a memoir published in Belgium Dr. Racovitza challenges this belief and states that in his opinion 100 yards is the maximum depth to which any whale can dive and that many species cannot reach anything like that limit, says the writer:

Why should whales want to go to such depths? All whales sound for the purpose of obtaining food, and in the profound darkness of 1,000 yards what food could they get? Those species which feed on animalcules might, perhaps, obtain what they want. But how about the species which feed on fishes and cuttles? At a depth of 1,000 yards they certainly could not use their eyes to detect nonluminous species, and we have no evidence whatever that they feed on the self luminous deep sea fish and cuttles, if, indeed, there be any of the latter. On the contrary, the available evidence indicates that they feed on ordinary light dwelling fishes and cuttles which live in much shallower zones. But this is not all. It is known that the effects of a pressure of more than three atmospheres prove fatal to human life; and, although we may believe that whales can stand treble this pressure, or nine atmospheres, which would occur at about ninety yards' depth, is it conceivable that they could resist the effect of ten times the latter pressure, or ninety atmospheres? Moreover, does it seem possible that a whale whose body is only slightly heavier than water at ordinary pressure could exert the muscular force necessary to propel that body to a depth of 1,000 yards?

COLD WAVES.

They Purify the Atmosphere and Benefit the Human System.

The cold wave, so much dreaded by most people, is really a blessing in disguise. It charges the atmosphere with fresh oxygen and a surplus of free electricity, which produces a most exhilarating and beneficial effect upon mankind. Torpid energies are aroused, physical vigor and resistance increased, by the advent of a cold wave to such an extent that any incidental damage is more than made up for.

The American climate has always been recognized as a strong factor in causing the aggressiveness and enterprise which have lifted our people into the first rank among nations and made us commercially supreme. The cold wave, with its results of increased energy and vigor, is a meteorological phenomenon peculiar to this country. The chief of the weather bureau at Washington explains the origin of this wave.

It appears that with a high pressure system, rotating with great velocity, large volumes of cold air are drawn down from above the clouds, so that the cold wave is "homemade," being simply a product of motion. The system of motion originates in the northwest, but the cold air comes from above the clouds.

The cold wave is not only useful for its beneficial effect upon the human system, but as a cleansing and purifying agency. It dissipates the deadly carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration and combustion, and the foul effluvia of decaying matter, increasing atmospheric circulation generally and thereby relieving stagnation.—Medical Brief.

A Water Test.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to tell pure water from the impure. If you want to test the color of the water just fill a colorless glass bottle with the water and look through it at some black object, and the distinctiveness with which you can see the object will give you an idea as to the amount of clay or sand there is in the water. Then pour out one-half the water, cork the bottle tightly and set it in a warm place for about twenty-four hours. Remove the cork and smell the air in the bottle. If there is an offensive odor, even the slightest, the water is unfit for domestic uses. Well water, no matter how bright and sparkling, is nine times out of ten putrescent. Then, as a matter of course, decomposition is sure to set in in a day or two if you put the bottle in a warm place.

A Slap at Whistler.

A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to James MacNeill Whistler, politely requesting his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal academy, with which the famous American painter was at outs. After four months the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope was the word, repeated numberless times, "Unknown."

The Real Force.

"Man does his best when he is hard put to it. Necessity, you know, is the mother of invention," said the observer of men and things.

"Yes," replied the benedict, "but if necessity were invention's mother-in-law then you'd see how invention would have to bump itself."—Philadelphia Press.

Evidence of an Eyewitness.

Guest—Why do you believe in second sight, major?

Major Darby (in an impressive whisper)—Because I fell in love at first sight!—Punch.

If a row threatens you don't let it go so far that you become bitter and are willing to hurt yourself in order to hurt your enemy.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

THIEVES AND OMENS.

Criminals as a Rule Are the Slaves of Superstition.

Some of the most notorious criminals who, it would hardly be thought, paid the slightest attention to omens, good or bad, have the greatest faith in superstitions of all kinds.

The burglar is a believer in the significance of dreams and has been known to relinquish a big burgling feat if a dream the night before has warned him that he will be in danger should he disregard the warning. If he saw a rainbow he would consider it to portend that, however reckless he may be, he is not likely to fall into the hands of the police for a space of three months. Burglars have been known to carry a donkey's shoe in their pocket before turning out, believing that this will protect them from danger, while others pin their faith to a piece of coal, which they will carry in their pockets throughout their career and afterward bequeath it to a confederate.

The pickpocket is equally superstitious. It is said he will not rob a person who squints, this being accounted a sign of disaster, and if it happens that the purse he robs contains foreign coins it is believed to augur that he will travel a good deal in the immediate future, whether in the company of a couple of officers or not there is nothing to show.

Weddings and funerals are pregnant with meaning for the professional thief. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster, whereas if a purse stolen at a wedding contains gold it portends the best of luck for the thief during the ensuing six months.

Some pickpockets have a favorite pair of boots that they wear as long as they can keep them on their feet, and if they are not arrested while they are wearing them they cut the boots up into little square pieces and give them away as "lucky tokens" to their pals.

THE EYES.

Black or very dark eyes denote a capacity for extreme ardor in love.

Greenish tints in blue or hazel eyes are the signs of wisdom and courage.

Steel colored eyes usually denote a cold nature, also deceit and treachery.

Russet brown eyes, untinged by yellow, mean an affectionate and gentle disposition.

Dark blue eyes while indicating affection and purity, do not represent intellectuality.

Variable gray eyes are highly intellectual and indicative of an impulsive and impressionable temperament.

Clear light blue eyes, especially if accompanied by steadfastness of expression, denote cheerfulness, amiability and constancy.

Tawny eyes denote fickleness. Eyes of no particular color, only feeble shades of gray and blue, go with lymphatic dispositions, characterized by coldness, selfishness and listlessness.

A Late Supper.

A very steady and serious country gentleman had joined a newly established London west end club which offered the advantage of bedrooms for country members temporarily in town. When next the squire visited the modern Babylon he put up for the night at the club, which had in the meantime become extremely fashionable and its hours correspondingly irregular. The squire went to bed at an early hour, when all was quiet and decorous. If there were a racket in the night he slept through it.

Next morning he came down to breakfast at his usual hour, 8 o'clock, but was surprised to find the room in the middle of the dusting process and not a cloth on the tables. While he was gazing helplessly around a sleepy eyed waiter came up to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said apologetically, "but no suppers can be served after half past 7."—London Tit-Bits.

Our Animals.

A dish of fresh water is a constant necessity where there is a dog or a cat, even though they never appear to touch it. Offering them water now and then doesn't answer at all.

Those who suppose a cat requires only meat and milk should offer it a bit of nicely cooked vegetable, especially asparagus, corn, green beans or potato.

It is criminal to keep caged pets unless one is sure to remember their needs, not when one "thinks of it," but constantly.

The man who has no tender feelings for his horse should remember that this faithful servant will last longer and serve better while he does last if he receive consistent treatment.

Read With Ease.

A writer in Leslie's Monthly says: A schoolbook that is in my possession, dated 1832, has penciled inside the front cover these lines:

Puzzle
written over the commandments
P.RS.V.R.Y.P.RF.CTM.N
V.RK. PTH.S.PR.C.PTST.N.

No solution was offered, and I studied over the mysterious medley for some time before I saw that it made sense if an E was substituted for each of the dots.

His Altruistic Conscience.

Fuddy—You say you have a very tender conscience. I notice it is wonderfully sensitive to the faults of others, but it never appears to be troubled by your own shortcomings.

Duddy—No; I hope not. That would be egotistical, you know.—Exchange.

Fiction.

"What are you writing, Hawley?"

"A story. I'm going in for fiction."

"Really—for a magazine?"

"No; for my tailor. He wants his money, and I'm telling him I'll send him a check next week."

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Life, Fire and Accident written by
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In good, reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—A. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; C. M. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Haddock, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, E. P. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—C. A. Nekus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 397, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

D. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MELLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MELLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Garlord H. Patterson, D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:15 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

THE BUILDER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south.

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days. (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m. Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (1:33 a. m Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:10 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	2:00	8:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:10	
5:07	1:20	8:30	Pt. Pleasant	7:30	11:48	8:00
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:38	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:29	11:38	4:14
5:21	2:00	8:40	Eason	7:25	11:34	4:10
5:26	2:07	8:47	Conna	7:18	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
				p.m.		
5:34	1:25	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:19	3:35
5:36	2:37	9:20	Mullin	7:09	11:08	3:24
5:50	2:55	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:08	11:07	3:23
6:14	3:45	9:34	Colegrove	7:00	11:00	3:15
6:20	2:00	9:40	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10
N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.						

H. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS. Dp	Ar	Dp	Ar Westward P. M.	A. M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19	
7.36	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22	
7.30	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26	
7.27	6.45	1.50	New Re June	7.37	2.42	9.32	
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.47	2.49	9.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.52	9.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10	
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20	
6.15	0	1.05	N. Conde'pt	0	3.25	10.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.	
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0	
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37	
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0	
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.49	2.25	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

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THE LIE DEFENSIVE

By JOSEPH BLETHEN

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FEW men would voluntarily hasten their endings even with the knowledge that their dead bodies would create a most momentous stir in the world. On the contrary, what man would not prefer to remain alive even at the cost of humble comfort now and absolute postmortem obscurity? Moreover, I think that Clyde French, had he foreseen the stir his mortal remains were to create in this world, would not only have clung madly to life, but would have prearranged for something like a decent cremation to follow his final departure.

When he left Seattle for Kotzebue sound I had known him a week. He had left the employ of a newspaper on the Atlantic coast and must by nature while waiting to take the ship fraternize with us of his trade on the Pacific coast. We in this tollgate of Alaska meet many such good fellows, and of this one I remembered one thing distinctly—he was frank in saying that he left neither kith nor kin behind him and should not return to the States until prepared to make a stir.

Both statements proved to be true, for when I searched for relatives to take his remains off my hands I found none, and the return of his mortal dust to Seattle kicked up more of a fuss than did the advent of the original Klondike nugget.

In the first place that dead thing didn't have the common decency to arrive by daylight, but chose to make its entry into my affairs on the shady side of midnight.

The Dolphin from Skaguay put in at 1 o'clock in the morning, and the long-shoremen rushed the "dead box" across the dock with prompt respect to sailor superstition. Then, seeing that it was directed to the editor of a newspaper, the wharfinger called me by phone and told me to send an undertaker for it forthwith.

An evening paper man detests midnight sensations. Not only do morning papers get them first, but they disturb his sleep. So I called up Mr. Slabb's parlors and directed that my departed friend's remains be made comfortable till I could call at a seasonable hour. In the morning I received a letter by express from the mysterious regions of the wonderful north. It came from French himself, and, although it had many weeks' start, it had been overtaken by his dead body on the long journey out. It was curiously abrupt, but sensational enough to suit even a day editor:

Sir—This was a bad assignment for me. I got the lay, but some other chap will get the story. I am alone. My dogs have run away. They will starve. I've food, but no fuel. I shall freeze in a few hours. It's a cold deal, and I'm scooped.

If any one discovers me, I want my body shipped to you. Bury it where it's warmer than it is here. I'd like it to thaw out. I detest a fellow who is too stiff to unbend on proper occasions.

I haven't any convenient sack of dust with which to defray expenses. Charge it to the news department and let the story of my death offset it. Don't let anybody step in with a distant relative gag. I am going to my people now. They were in a warmer climate when they started over, but they are just as dead as I'll ever be. Goodby.

Put this on the first page and don't let the foreman make over and kill me on. Top head and double leaded, you know. Make it lively to make up for my present lonesomeness. I'm giving it to you because I always preferred the evening paper. Put it on the A. P. wire early. Yours, in the desh. CLYDE FRENCH.

Then followed a statement, undated and unsigned, to the effect that a party

I STARED AT IT A MOMENT.

of prospectors had discovered French's body and had delivered it to a Greek priest, who, in turn, had embalmed it and sent it out to me C. O. D.

I gave the documents to my city editor and directed that the man on the Alaska desk write a glowing introduction. Then I went down the hill to Slabb's for a look at my property.

I had never before seen a body which had died of freezing. The shock at sight of French's remains was distinct. There lay the body in its rough prospector's dress, bearded and ruddy of color! I stared at it a moment and then became convinced that it was a fake; that the man was alive and lying there to complete a ghoulish, practical joke on me. But after Slabb had made me touch the firm, cold flesh and had explained that frostbitten bodies often showed ruddy tints upon thawing I went into the office to think it over.

I directed Slabb to dress the body properly and care for it for a few days while I should endeavor to locate friends of the departed.

After the story had gone over the Associated Press day wire I followed it with a query for information and asked all Associated Press papers to make a search for relatives. French's story created the sensation the poor fellow had foreseen, but the relatives I had hoped for did not materialize. I began to have a great respect for the dead reporter.

I went to Slabb's after the body had rested there just one week and told him to send it to the city receiving vault in a respectable coffin, to remain there while I made further search.

"No need of sending him away," said Slabb. "Let him lie here. He's the finest bit of embalming I've seen in my life."

Then he led me into a back room, insisting that I look at his guest. Uncovering a plain coffin, he looked in. Instantly the satisfied look of the expert undertaker changed to one of horror, and I saw Slabb spring back with a startled exclamation. Then I looked and felt my own blood chill, for that thing in the coffin had shrunk six inches in a week, and its graveclothes collapsed all about it!

We called in a physician, and after a long consultation the body was stripped, accurately measured and dressed in a new outfit of clothing. Then we established a watch over it, noting the daily appearance. At the end of a week there had developed a decided shrinkage—something over five inches—in the length of the body. A close examination disclosed the fact that it was shrinking symmetrically. My 200 pound friend would not know his own body now. It had dwindled to 100 pounds.

The excitement really commenced with my publication that night of this second sensation in the peculiar actions of Clyde French's remains. The Associated Press authorities questioned my account, and I invited them to send a special agent to verify it. He came, and forthwith a daily account of our lively dead went over the A. P. wire. French's remains from a transient guest at Slabb's became the center of an excited nation's attention. It would have done the poor fellow good had he foreknown that his story was now to move up to first page, first column, No. 1 head, and remain there indefinitely.

First the city physicians examined him and noted the daily shrinkage. Then began the pilgrimages from curious suburbs and skeptical county seats. Then Slabb established visiting hours, and only professional men were allowed a view. The executive body of the National Association of Undertakers crossed the continent and passed an opinion on the phenomenon, and the governor of the state issued a proclamation, an act which gave my property official recognition.

The undertakers said in their wisdom that the Greek priest of the far north had embalmed the body after some old and to them unknown formula; that he had evidently used poor materials or had mixed his fluids carelessly; that a well embalmed body might dry out, dry up and turn to powder, but for a body to shrink systematically and preserve its smooth exterior was not according to rule. Wise men, those!

At the end of two months it had shrunk to four feet in length and to 100 pounds in weight. Perfectly symmetrical, perplexingly ruddy, plentifully bearded and plumply smooth of skin, it was a wonder. The tailor asked me how soon he might put knee pants on it.

Then the experts came from the great medical colleges of the country and decided to treat the body with sundry fluids to arrest its shrinking. But their treatment failed of results, and on their report being published abroad the rulers of many lands appointed medical representatives to cross the seas and view my property. At the cabled request of the czar of all the Russias we placed the body in a glass case, which was hermetically sealed. Thus protected from the air, the shrinkage ceased, and we waited for the royal experts to assemble.

The hotels were running over with scientists, who burrowed through mazes of books on chemical subjects and ancient burial rites. All Seattle caught the fever, and men talked excitedly of the secrets of embalming on street corners and even in cafes.

When the international scientific aggregation was complete we moved the glass case containing my property to the stage of the state university assembly room, where it remained a month, guarded by a committee at night and lectured over by foreign notables during the day. At the end of the month they were ready for more shrinking, and the glass case was opened.

The shrinking commenced promptly, and for another month the world read daily bulletins on the progress of diminution. When it had shrunk to a perfectly formed man's body, three feet in length, I asked for a hearing, but the scientists had forgotten me. So I went to Slabb and did some plain talking, with the result that we went to the university with an escort of police, sealed the thing into a new glass case and locked it in a big box in the safety deposit vaults. Then, with the key in my pocket, I retired to my private office and waited for international science to come to me.

It came and argued and bothered till I was ready to destroy the thing. Finally, after international science had organized and appointed a committee with power to act, I gave the body into its keeping for thirty days on two conditions: First, Slabb was to be guardian of it and return it to me at the end of the time; second, Slabb was to be handsomely paid for his services.

The conditions were fulfilled, and when I received my property it was a bit over two feet in length. Then we sealed it in a heavy glass tube made expressly for our purpose and locked it away in my safety deposit vault under an agreement with international science to leave it there for a year. Then they should assemble and reopen the subject.

Tomorrow the year will be gone. Today Slabb and I went to the vault, to take my property out and prepare it for tomorrow's inspection. Already international science is here in droves, and we had to work secretly to avoid them. Luckily we did, for unwrapping the glass tube we found that international science had either tricked us or itself or made a signal error, for the sealing of the glass tube had crumpled, and my property had indulged in a year's undisputed shrinking.

It now measures one and three-fourths inches in length. Inspected through a magnifying glass, it is seen

MY PROPERTY HAD INDULGED IN A YEAR'S SHRINKING.

to be symmetrical, ruddy and smooth. We have it sealed in a small bottle, and I have it in my pocket as I write.

I am puzzled as to what to do with it. Tempting offers have been made to me by great museums to sell it outright. One big medical institute wants it in the interest of science, and a check for $1,000,000 awaits me if I will deliver it to the trustees. A noted theatrical manager has offered to form a syndicate to exhibit it and pay me a princely rental.

On the other hand, the churches are clamoring to have this human thing buried out of sight where nature may do with it according to her laws.

I would welcome some good advice on the subject at this very moment. For myself, I confess to a keen desire to smash my bottle, lay my shrinking wonder on a table and dare it to do its last and final turn in this catalogue of sensations; to shrink out of my sight out of physical existence, into nothing and into eternal oblivion.

* * * * * * * * *

"You surely do not expect me to print such an abominable lie as that," said the city editor with decision.

"Not as news," replied the marine reporter complacently; "but as a lie pure and simple I think it has merit. I have often heard you say," continued the reporter, "that any one could write a good story if he wasn't too much hampered by facts. Now, it does not follow that any one can write a lie and make it appear to meet the requirements of fact. I happened to be a guest at the noonday breakfast on board the battle ship Oregon yesterday, and the whole table turned in to see who could turn out the best sea lie. I must say that they shoot straight in the navy. Some of those lies were cheerful efforts that went to my head like champagne. Well, finally, it got around to me. All I could say was that they had me abjectly on the defensive. They stormed me with complimentary remarks about my ability as a scribe and frankly observed that a newspaper man ought to be able to unwind the champion fabrication in any collection. So I told them I would make my attempt in the Saturday night issue."

"And this is the attempt?" observed the city editor, pointing to the manuscript with his blue pencil.

"That is the shell that is to blow the Oregon out of the water," said the marine man.

"In that case," said the city editor, "it's the honor of the profession that's concerned. I don't see any way but to go after the navy."

When the officers of the Oregon opened their evening papers that night they looked at once for the promised effort and read the foregoing tale.

Clever Comparison.

"There isn't much difference between me and Eve," said the little girl who was forced to wear her big sister's cast off skirts.

"How is that?" asked her chum.

"Why, Eve had to wear leaves and I have to wear leavings."—Philadelphia Record.

THERMOMETER DEGREES.

The Scale Invented by Newton and Amplified by Fahrenheit.

Why should the freezing point be marked 32 degrees and the boiling point 212 degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer scale? Most students know that its inventor divided the space between these points into 180 degrees instead of the simpler 100 degrees used in the Centigrade system, but few understand how this number came to be chosen. A writer thus explains the matter:

The thermometer was really invented by Sir Isaac Newton. He started his scale with the heat of the human body and used as his instrument a glass tube filled with linseed oil. The lowest figure on the scale was the freezing point and the highest point boiling water. The starting point of this scale, as mentioned, was the heat of the human body, which he called by the round number 12, as the duodecimal system was then in common use. He divided the space between the freezing point and the temperature of the body into 12 points and stated that the boiling point of water would be about 30, as the temperature must be nearly three times that of the human body.

When Fahrenheit took up the subject a few years later he used the Newton instrument, but, finding the scale not fine enough, divided each degree into two parts and so made the measure between the freezing and boiling points 24 parts instead of 12. Fahrenheit then discovered that he could obtain a lower degree of cold than freezing, and, taking a mixture of ice and salt for a starting point, he counted 24 points up to body heat. By this measurement he obtained 8 for the freezing point and 53 for the boiling point. His scale now read: Zero, freezing; 8, body heat, 24, and boiling water, 53. It will be noticed that this scale is identically that of Newton's, only starting lower and having the numbers doubled.

It was with this scale that Fahrenheit worked for a long time, but finally, finding the temperature divisions still too large, he divided each degree into four parts. Multiplying the numbers just given by four the thermometer scale now in use results.

The chance choice of Newton of the figure 12 to represent the body heat determined the present thermometer scale, even as the yard, foot and inch measures originally came from measures of parts of the human body, and as the width of a railroad carriage was determined by the track, which in turn was determined by the width between the cart wheels necessary to bear a load which could comfortably be drawn by a mule.—American Inventor.

What Fell Out.

"The next time my wife asks me to bring home a fashion paper," growled the bullheaded man, "I'll tie it up tight before I leave the office."

"I've been married twenty years, but everybody takes me for a bachelor. That's where the rub comes in about this fashion paper. My wife asked me to bring one home last night, and I bought the thing at a news stand on the L station. Of course I didn't look at it. When I reached my station I had to walk the whole length of the car to get out, and just before I reached the door a boy came after me, touched me on the arm and handed to me a big sheet of white paper all marked over with black lines.

"'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but you dropped this.'

"Then everybody in the car laughed. The thing was labeled 'Mother's Friend,' and it was one of those paper patterns for things to go over corsets."—New York Press.

Origin of the Hansom.

The hansom was the invention of Joseph Hanson, the architect of the Birmingham town hall. But the two wheeled cab which he patented in 1834 little resembles the vehicle which now bears his name. It had a square, sedan chair shaped body hung between two wheels nearly eight feet high. The driver's seat was in front, as also was the door. The fare entered the cab between the wheel and shaft. The modern hansom was adapted from this original by Messrs. Gillet and Chapman. It is a peculiarly English vehicle, and no foreign nation has ever compassed the dogged courage of the Briton who can sit calmly inside it.—London Chronicle.

Her Fear.

Maud—What makes you so awfully nervous, dear?

Clara—Why, Fred is to have an interview with papa this afternoon.

"Oh! And you are afraid your father will not give his consent?"

"No; I'm afraid Fred won't show up."

A Mathematician.

"Father," said the little boy, "what is a mathematician?"

"A mathematician, my son, is a man who can calculate the distance between the most remote stars and who is liable to be flimflammed in changing a two dollar bill."—Washington Star.

The Gallant Judge.

Magistrate—Next case! Who've we got now?

Constable—Joseph Biggins, alias "Skates."

Magistrate—Ladies first. We'll have Alice Skates take the stand.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Short Answers From Her.

"What was that Spillink said—that his wife had never given him a short answer?"

"Well, it amounted to that. She declines to use postal cards in writing to him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How many friends have you to whom you can truthfully say, "You never offended me?"—Atchison Globe.

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING

By LEO CRANE

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"'E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e slung a shovel on the bloomin' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wicious man, an' 'e allowed his turrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle horspital that half hid itself shylike behind a row o' scraggy palms. Then we men went off on a hoot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man, 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multichude o' coolies. Hi was that man.

"An', being as Hi wouldn't shift cargo fer a livin' wage, Hi presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'res hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bein' ketched; hence it needed men, an' Hi was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should heave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to list. Now, Hi had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bein' pious inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. Hi always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle horspital had been wery confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e tooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets inter dov'n goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, s'elp me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp mule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle horspital they carries him to mend up.

"Hi didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did Hi see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'im spotted at last inter camp 'e walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hi'll show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, leggin' it longside o' Jones.

"'Wery well,' says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hi ain't been outer the horspital more 'n ten days.'

"'Guns!' cries the colonel. 'Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?'

"'No,' explains Jones. 'They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after Hi got discharged from that spell Hi went inter town on a leetle swoatch arounds, ye know, an' some William knifes me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they hustles me back to the leetle horspital without any great loss o' time. That were a four-month job, but they did it, an' nary a grumble. 'Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit,' says Jones, proud-like. 'What troubles me most,' says Jones solemnly, 'is that maybe when the blow comes again Hi'll be too far up country an' won't reach the horspital in time, but—Hi hopes not.'

"'Why, you must like bein' sick,' says the colonel, s'prised.

"'It ain't the bein' sick,' says Jones; that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious!' says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hi've been in forty-two horspitals in my time an' have been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so Hi know.'

"'Sixty-seven times,' echoed the colonel.

"'Return wisits,' explained Jones quickly. 'But Hi don't despair o' beterin' that record, 'cause Hi knows my vitullty an' what Hi can stand.'

"On we *men* went silently. The reports 'll tell ye how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried fire an' sword into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"'It stood in a clearin'. Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sieve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyin' across a pile o' severely used natives over again a secluded portion o' the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an', says doc softly, 'E's dead, poor feller,' an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's hut an' bawls out, 'E ain't dead!'

"'Who ain't dead?' yells the colonel.

"'Jones!' cries the man. 'E's come to life again!'

"Down to the surgeon's hut rushes the colonel, all excited an' puzzled. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

"'E's kinder wild in his head,' says the doctor, 'an' he's makin' all sorts o' crazy requests.'

"'What does 'e want?' asks the colonel.

"'E's mumblin' all the time about goin' back to the leetle horspital,' says the doc.

"'E's a hero,' cries the colonel, 'an' 'e shall go.'

"'Why, man,' says the other, 'e's got three bola wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted across the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'.'

"But Jones heerd him say it, an' he calls out weakly, does Jones, 'It's a lie,' says he, 'an' Hi'm goin' back to the leetle horspital!'

"Well, 'e didn't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. Hi an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five paces in the rear *more* natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. After we had marched a week the town came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the horspital 'e started to wave such a frantic welcome with his hand that a hemorrhage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to hustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"'It's no use,' says he, grittin' his teeth. 'Ye can't bury me in this worn-out soil. If Hi don't reach the leetle horspital throw me overboard inter clean water.' An' we promised. 'E seemed to be sinkin' again, so we takes the shortest cut to the sea. When we got in view o' the docks we saw a vessel loadin' there. Jones peeked at it, then yelled an' set bolt upright. 'It's the Koolah,' says he. 'Get me aboard, men; get me aboard! I'll be cured to onct if ye'll only heave me up the gangway!'

"'What 'll cure ye?' Hi queried.

"'Spite,' says Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' wrestled with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic oaths they cast it out inter the water an' waved their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"'Was that for Jones?' asked a voice.

"Hi looked up to see Sam Rawlins starin' at him. Hi nodded.

"'It don't s'prise me,' 'e says slowly an' thoughtfully. 'E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that 'd feed over his grave! Hi guess Hi'll go an' look up my terbacker,' says Sam Rawlins. An' he did it."

A Skull as Big as a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly 34 feet from head to foot and 9 feet 7 inches from point to point of the shoulders. A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about 2 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot broad and 9 inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1682, during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and below with teeth to the number of sixty-foure; the each of which would have weighed two ounces." Cavalier Scroy claimed to have found a skull on Teneriffe that had sixty teeth.

Very Near Winning.

"I proposed to Miss Gladys Beauti-girl last night."

"Ah! And she accepted you?"

"Well, no-o-o, not exactly, but she came so near doing so that a great deal of the sting was taken out of her refusal. She said she would have accepted me if I had had plenty of money and a perfect disposition, and my eyes were brown instead of blue, and my hair curly, and I was two inches taller, and was winning fame in my profession, and possessed personal magnetism and came of an old and blue blooded family, and would always let her have her own way, and never smoked or wanted to stay out late at night, and did not belong to any lodge, and would keep a stylish turnout and plenty of servants, and really wanted her mamma to live with us, and a few other things which I have forgotten. But if a fellow must fail in an undertaking it is encouraging to him to think that he came very near winning."

Balancing an Egg.

All the world knows how Columbus on a historic occasion made an egg stand on end. After many learned theories had been advanced for balancing the egg he set the egg on end by, of course, mashing down hard enough to form a base, but the problem is capable of still another solution. It is an easy matter to set an egg on a plate, for instance, if you know how. The trick is impossible until the egg has been boiled in an upright position. The position of the hardened yoke at the end of the shell lowers the center of gravity until the sphere can be spun or even balanced with ease.

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TRICKS WITH CARDS.

SKILLFULLY DONE, THEY WILL AMUSE AND MYSTIFY YOUR GUESTS.

How to Tell Every Card In the Pack With Its Back Turned Toward You. The Thirty-one Trick—A Clever Way to Tell Drawn Cards.

This undoubtedly is one of the best illusions performed with cards, as it not only brings the whole pack into use, but is also legitimately founded upon arithmetical principles. By this trick you are able to tell the whole pack of cards with the backs toward you; also to sort them after being cut any number of times in the mere act of dealing them out in a row. It is performed thus:

A pack of cards being distributed on the table, with their faces uppermost, they are picked up one by one in the following order: 6, 4, 1, 7, 5, king, 8, 10, knave, 9, 2, queen. Repeat the same series of every thirteen cards. Four times over will of course complete the pack.

That the above order may be remembered, the following words are used as a guide to the memory, and they are intended to enumerate the cards:

6 4 1
The sixty-fourth regiment beats the
7 5 king
seventy-fifth; up starts the king, with
8 10 3 knave
eight thousand and three men and
9 2 queen
ninety-two women.

Hence this trick is said to be done "by words!"

The pack being arranged, it may be handed to any of the company "to cut," with the proviso that this operation be done whist fashion—that is, by taking a portion of the cards off in a mass and placing the lower division on what was before the upper one. This done fairly and properly, it may be repeated any number of times, as the audience may think fit. You then take the pack and by a feint catch sight of the bottom card. Having learned this (it may be done at a glance, in a second of time), you have the key to the whole trick. Then commence it by dealing the cards out in the ordinary way, but in thirteen heaps. Having dealt out thirteen, begin again and cover them; then go on as before. When finished there will be of course four in each heap. Now every heap will contain all four of the same denomination, as the four knaves in one heap, the four sevens in another, and so on. The thirteenth, or last heap, will be of the same denomination as the one at the bottom which you have contrived to see, and, according to whatever that card is, all the suits will follow, but in the reverse order, as the words above indicate. Thus suppose the eight was the bottom card. Then on dealing them out they would be in the following order: King, 5, 7, 1, 4, 6, queen, 2, 9, knave, 3, 10, 8, and you begin reciting in the mind the words you use from that passage in the sentence, working from right to left, which the card indicates in the above. You would say:

8 10 3 knave
Eight thousand and three men and
9 2 queen 6 4
ninety-two women; sixty-fourth
1 7 5
regiment beats the seventy-fifth; up
king
starts the king with, etc. Here, of course, is your starting point.

The same principle holds good whatever the card may be. Any person asking for a card, all four of every suit may be found in the same heap and can be quickly turned up as soon as required with a little practice, to the utter astonishment and wonder of the company.

By taking up the cards in the same order as before, but all of one suit, you may easily discover the position of any one card that is demanded.

A fine trick with cards is called "thirty-one." It is played with the first six of each suit, the aces in one row, the deuces in another, the threes in another, then the fours, fives and sixes, all laid in rows. The object now will be to turn down cards alternately and endeavor to make 31 points by so turning or as near to it as possible without overrunning it, and the one who turns down a card the spots of which make him 31 or so near it that the other cannot turn down one without overrunning it wins. This trick is very deceiving, as all other tricks are, and requires much practice to be well understood. The chief point is to count so as to end with the following numbers viz, 3, 10, 17 or 24. For example, we will suppose it your privilege to commence with 3 and your adversary would add 6, which would make it 9. It would then be your policy to add 1 and make 10. Then, no matter what number he adds, he cannot prevent you counting 17, which number gives you the command of the trick. We will suppose he adds 6 and makes 16. Then you add 1 and make 17; then he adds 6 and makes 23, you add 1 and make 24. Then he cannot possibly add any number to count 31, as the highest number he can add is 6, which would only count 30, so that you can easily add the remaining 1, or ace, and make 31. There are, however, many variations to the trick.

A clever way is here given in which to discern one or more drawn cards. Turn unperceived the bottom card of a pack face upward; then let several of the company draw a card. Reverse the pack rapidly, so that the bottom is now the top card, and thus all the other cards are turned face upward unseen by the spectators.

Hold the pack firmly in your fingers and request those who have drawn to replace their cards in the pack. Thus all the drawn cards will lie with their faces downward, while all the other cards will lie with their faces upward. You now step aside, select the drawn cards and show them to the company.—Boston Herald.

HENRY CLAY, TROTTER.

The Price George M. Patchen, His Owner, Put Upon Him.

When William Wadsworth of Geneseo, as John Gilmer Speed tells the story in the Century, went to George M. Patchen of New Jersey to buy the famous racing stallion Henry Clay, Mr. Patchen thought to put a prohibitive price upon him.

"We will give the horse all the water he can drink," said he, "and then weigh him, and you may give me a dollar a pound for him." Mr. Wadsworth promptly accepted, and as the horse weighed 1,050 pounds that fixed his price in dollars for what Mr. Speed evidently thinks one of the finest sires in the history of the American turf.

The story is told of Henry Clay that when Mr. Wadsworth needed for his sister a doctor from Rochester, thirty-eight miles away, Henry Clay was harnessed to a two seated wagon and did the journey both ways in less than five hours.

"Then again," Mr. Speed writes, "when Mr. Wadsworth had a match at mile heats, best three in five, he drove his horse ninety-five miles the day before the race rather than pay forfeit and then won the race, one heat being trotted in 2:35. This was in 1847. Consider the clumsy shoes, the heavy sulkies and other impedimenta of that time in comparison with the wirelike plates, ball bearing, pneumatic tired sulkies and cobweblike harness of today, and decide whether even the most phenomenal of our trotters is better than that."

Liszt Playing Chopin.

As Liszt played his demeanor changed in sympathy with the intensely dramatic content of the work. During the somber fantasie his teeth were set, his lips and massive jaw firm, his entire face almost rigid, his gray eyes burned with the composer's inspiration, and his body straightened out as he leaned somewhat away from the keyboard. When he struck the ponderous chords of terror there was a vehemence almost diabolical in the sudden swoop of his great hands, and the tremendous crash fairly made one shiver. His nostrils became distended, and his breath came quickly, as one laboring under great excitement. Indeed, it seemed that the spell of the great "tone poet," with whom in his earlier years he had been on such friendly terms, had completely mastered him, as though he felt himself again in his presence and he would once more prove his devotion to Chopin's inspired art and show him that Liszt still knew and could portray his innermost soul.—Silas G. Pratt in the Booklover's Magazine.

By Hook or Crook.

Several explanations are given of the expression "by hook or crook." Two London lawyers, Hook and Crook, were celebrated for locating sites of buildings after the great fire, the owners often concluding that they must get back their property by "Hook or Crook." Once voters open to bribery indicated it by placing straws in their shoes and were called "straw men," and when prosecuted for this offense they were brought before Judges Hook and Crook and often got off "by Hook and Crook." It not infrequently happened that a writ of habeas corpus was issued, and as often the sheriff's return had not the indorsement "hic est corpus"—that is, "here is the body"—and the offender went scot free, which action the public regarded as "hocus pocus."

The Women of Moro.

The women's dress in Bongos shows great variety of color, but because of their black hued teeth, which are often filed to an arch in front, they are, as a rule, not charming to look upon. Their hair is fringed over the forehead and temples, while at the back it is drawn into a knot, from which one end invariably straggles, giving a most untidy effect. The wealthier women wear their finger nails very long, in some instances almost as long as the finger itself, and sometimes the nail is protected with an artificial shield of silver. All have their ears pierced, and many of them wear a round bone or a stick resembling a cigarette in shape and size thrust through the aperture.—Everybody's Magazine.

"Imp" and "Brat."

How the use of words changes is well illustrated by this extract from Bacon's "Pathway Unto Prayer":—

"Let us pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent majesty and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son, Edward, our prince, that most angelic imp."

In those days "brat" had also quite another significance. In an old hymn by Gascoigne is the line:

"O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed."—John Bull.

A Self Milker.

Mrs. Meadows—Yaas, Hiram got rid o' thet brindle cow thet uster steal her own milk.

Mrs. Korntop—Dew tell! I s'pose he took most anything he could get for her?

Mrs. Meadows—He jest got double w'at he paid fur her; sold her to thet new man from the city ez a "self milker."

The Spur of the Occasion.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to make spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight.

Better Suited.

Si—I thought Hank was to college for a career as preacher.

Hy—So he was, but from the big bills he kep' sendin' in I thought I ought to make a doctor of him.—Beverly Times.

The Letters Came Back.

A circumstantial fish story is told by the London News. The captain of the steamer Benalder of Leith, on a voyage to China, threw a bundle of old letters overboard in the Mediterranean. Some Spanish fishermen of Aguilas, near Cartagena, later caught a large fish and on opening it found a bundle of letters inside. They took this to the mayor, who managed to decipher in one the name and address of the superintendent of the steamship line in London and thus to restore the letters to their owner.

Quieting.

Mrs. Patty—Do you really think Dr. Duckman is a skillful physician?

Mrs. Giblin (the patient)—I don't know so much about that. But he has such a quieting way with him! When I said I hoped I shouldn't be buried alive he said he'd look out for that. Wasn't that thoughtful of him?—Boston Transcript.

In a Bad Way.

Mary—I'm sorry to hear that you've not been feeling well. What seems to be the matter?

Jane—I suppose I am run down. Why, for the last month I haven't been able to put any heart even into my shopping.—Brooklyn Life.

What She Meant.

"She told me," said the young man who had consulted a fortune teller, "that I was born to command."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Henpeck. "She means then that you will never be married."—Exchange.

California Excursion.

On account American Bankers' meeting at San Francisco, the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Oct. 7 to 16 special excursion tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., at rate $81.70 good returning to Nov. 30th. Splendid through Pullman standard and tourist sleepers. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Special Colonist Tickets.

Daily now until Nov. 30th the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special one-way colonists' tickets Buffalo to California and Pacific coast points at rate of $42.50 and at less rates to points in Utah, Montana and Idaho. Splendid tri weekly tourist car service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

CENTRAL
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
Lock Haven, Pa.
J. R. FLICKINGER, PRINCIPAL.

The fall term opens September 7, 1903.

Free tuition to prospective teachers.

This high grade training school was never in better condition than now. The enrollment last year exceeded six hundred. Biological and chemical laboratories have recently been added. Fine gymnasium and athletic field. Sanitary conditions unexcelled. A large faculty of trained specialists. The school also contains a college preparatory department, business department and departments of elocution and music. The expenses are lower than those of any other institution of equal rank. Address for catalogue the Principal.

Fall and Winter Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Elwood Gaskin's
NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.
Bell 'Phone

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration (C. T. A.) on the estate of Ella G. Carter, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay, to E. D. Gallup, Attorney.
HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
Administrators.
Smethport, Pa., September 1, 1903.

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1903,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Known as Lot number one hundred and eighty-three (183) of Whitney and Wheeler's addition to Bradford as per survey and plot of Leander Gorton, 1877-78, being known as number twenty-four (24) Water street, map of said survey being now on file in the Recorder's office in Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book No. "2" at page 90, and being the same premises conveyed by Thomas Osborne and Sophia H. Osborne, his wife, to Oscar Berg-wall by deed dated September 6, 1889, and recorded in the Recorder's office, of McKean County in Deed Book No. "2" at page 208, etc. Improved and having thereon one two-story and attic frame dwelling house, one story and attic frame building and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Oscar Bergvall at the suit of Swift & Company.
Brown & Schoonmaker, plaintiffs' attys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot No. 34 on Chestnut street, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the south line of Chestnut street (twenty-five feet from the centre thereof) south eighty-eight degrees east fifty and two one hundredths (S. 88 degrees E. 50.02) feet to a post; thence parallel to Edgar street by lot No. 35 south about one hundred thirty (130) feet to a post; thence parallel to Pine Avenue by an old west line fifty (50) feet to a post; thence parallel to Edgar street by lot No. 32 North about one hundred thirty (130) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 6500 sq. ft. more or less. Resurveyed by T. L. Kane in September, 1898. It being the same premises which Elizabeth D. Kane by Indenture bearing date the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1899, for the consideration therein mentioned did grant and confirm to the said Katherine K. Sullivan (party hereto) her heirs and assigns forever; and this grant is made subject to all the restrictions, reservations and rights therein contained.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house, seven rooms, well pump on rear porch, frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Johanna Born at the suit of Katherine K. Sullivan.
Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being lot No. 7 of Warrant 3708 and part of a piece of land conveyed to Nels Nelson from Elizabeth D. Kane by deed bearing date of September 22nd, 1888, and recorded the 29th day of September, A. D. 1888, in the office for recording deeds in Smethport, McKean County, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the southwest corner of land of Andrew Anderson on the east side of McClellan avenue; thence along line of said McClellan avenue sixty-five (65) feet south to a post in northwest corner of land now or formerly of Nels Nelson; thence east along line of land of said Nels Nelson one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post; thence north along land of the said Nels Nelson sixty-five (65) feet to a post in the southeast corner of lot of land of Andrew Anderson; thence west along lot of the said Andrew Anderson one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9750 square feet more or less, being the same land conveyed by Nels Nelson and wife to Allen W. Sylvander by deed dated January 9th, 1900, recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 109, page 193, etc.

This conveyance is made subject to the reservations as to oil and gas found in above deed.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellen W. Sylvander and M. A. Sylvander, her husband at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.
H. S. Rogers, plaintiff's attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot No. 13 of the plot of the Parkside Land and Improvement Co., on Tionesta avenue, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the west line of Tionesta avenue, two hundred (200) feet north of the northwest corner of said Tionesta avenue and Elm street; thence by the said west line of Tionesta avenue north fifty feet to a post; thence at right angles to said street west one hundred and ninety-five feet to a post in the east line of an alley twenty feet wide; thence by the said east line of alley, south fifty feet to a post; thence east one hundred ninety-five feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9750 square feet more or less, and being the premises conveyed to B. G. Scott by E. H. McCleery Trustee, by deed dated the 10th, day of July, 1900, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 112, page 460, etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said deed.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of B. G. Scott at the suit of Shaffer & Shaffer for use M. & L. Schriever now for use of W. H. Bunce.
E. C. Anderson, plaintiffs attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of Haines and Dawson streets, and running thence east eighty-five (E. 85 ft.) feet along the south side of Haines street; thence south forty (S. 40 ft.) feet along land owned by P. W. McHale; thence west eighty-five (W. 85 ft.) feet along land owned by P. W. McHale; thence north along the east side of Dawson street forty feet to the place of beginning (N. 40 ft.) Containing three thousand and four hundred square feet (3,400) more or less. Being the same land conveyed to Thomas J. Swan by P. W. McHale and wife and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deed's of McKean County, November 24th, 1899.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Thomas J. Swan at the suit of P. W. McHale and The Bradford Building Loan and Savings Association.
T. J. Dolphin, Chas. E. Judd, plaintiffs attorneys.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated on Old Lot No. 146, on Warrant 3310, in Bradford Township, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of the highway known as the "DeGolia cross road" and at the southeast corner of lands of B. F. Leidy; thence northeasterly by the eastern line of the said Leidy lot, two hundred twenty-nine and three-tenths (229.3) feet to an iron post at Leidy's northeast corner; thence south, seventy-six degrees, east (S. 76 degrees E.) parallel with the highway, one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet more or less, to an iron post at the northwest corner of lands heretofore conveyed by the within named parties of the first part (Lorenzo Drake and Rhoda Drake) to Jamie H. Thayer; thence southwesterly by the western line of the said Jennie H. Thayer lot, and parallel with the first line, two hundred twenty-nine and three-tenths (229.3) feet to a point in the centre of the highway; thence north seventy-six degrees west (N. 76 degrees W.) by the center of the highway one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning. Containing about sixty-six one-hundredths of one acre of land (0.66), as per survey of Frank M. Webster, Surveyor; and being the same land contracted to be sold by Lorenzo Drake and Rhoda Drake, his wife, to Frank A. Thayer by Agreement dated October 27th, 1896.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. A. Thayer at the suit of D. H. Jack.
D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the northeast corner of Davis and Boylston streets, and running thence northerly along the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point; thence eastwardly in a line parallel with the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to a point; thence southerly in a line parallel with the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point in the north line of Boylston street; thence westerly along the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon erected a large frame building partly three and partly two stories high.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Central Hose Company at the suit of Bovard & Seyfang Manufacturing Company.
W. E. Burdick, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a post on the north side of Moffet avenue ninety-one (91) feet from the east side of Walsh street, on the southwest corner of lot No. 32; thence northerly one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet to lands sold to Mrs. Osmer; thence westerly forty-one (41) feet to lands formerly of J. C. House; thence southerly eighty (80) feet along said land formerly owned by J. C. House; thence westerly fifty (50) feet along south side of lands formerly owned by said J. C. House to the east line of Walsh street; thence southerly along the east line of Walsh street nineteen (19) feet to right of way of Railroad; thence along the north line of said Railroad right of way ninety-one (91) feet to place of beginning. Containing 6418 sq. ft. and known as lots Nos. 23 & 24 surveyed by N. J. Dill July 24th, 1888.

Also—All that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210. Commencing at a point in the east side of Welsh street one hundred and ninety (190) feet south of the southeast corner of Bayard and Welsh streets; thence parallel to Bayard street south seventy degrees east fifty (S. 70 degrees E. 50 ft.) feet; thence parallel to Welsh street south twenty degrees east ten feet (S. 20 degrees E. 10 ft.) to other land of Elizabeth Woodson; thence south seventy degrees west, along the lands of Elizabeth Woodson fifty (50) feet (S. 70 degrees W. 50 ft.) to the east line of Welsh street; thence north twenty degrees west along the east line or side of Welsh street ten feet (N. 20 degrees W. 10 ft.) to the place of beginning. Being the same property conveyed to Elizabeth Bedell by Elizabeth Woodson, by deed dated Aug. 30th, 1886, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 106, page 181, etc.

The above described two pieces of land being improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elizabeth Bedell and John Bedell at the suit of Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa., a corporation.
C. E. Judd, plaintiff's attorney.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situated in Wetmore Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Sub. 881, Warrant 2389, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the north line of Sub. 881, sixty-seven rods and one and one half feet from the north-east corner of the said Subdivision; thence west eleven rods and six feet and seven inches to a post; thence south two degrees and fifty-four minutes west one hundred and thirty-six rods and thirteen feet to the center of public road; thence north eighty-nine degrees and forty-five minutes east along the center of said public road eleven rods six feet and seven inches to a post in the center of said public road near a maple stump witness; thence north two degrees and fifty-four minutes east one hundred and thirty-six rods and thirteen feet to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres. Being part of the same piece of land conveyed by N. P. Smith and wife to P. G. Wessel, M. W. Moffet, J. L. Wessel and E. S. Ritter by Deed dated July 5th, 1881, recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. 12, page 7, etc., and this conveyance is made subject to the exceptions and reservations in the last mentioned Deed contained, which is in the following words "excepting nevertheless and reserving hereform to the parties of the first part their heirs and assigns, all the oil and minerals contained therein, with the right of ingress, egress and regress to obtain said oil and minerals." And being part of the same piece of land conveyed by the grantees last above named to Nathaniel Marion Orr, the grantor hereof by Deed dated Oct. 1st, 1880.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Chas. L. Robinson, at the suit of Thos. Higgins.
E. L. Ryan, plaintiff's attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, and being lot No. 65 Hacker Street, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post in the west line of Hacker street one hundred (100) feet northward of the north-west corner of Hacker and Easton streets; thence by the west line of Hacker street (thirty feet from the centre thereof) north twenty (20 degrees) degrees west fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle south seventy (70 degrees) degrees west one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence parallel to Hacker street south twenty (20°) degrees east fifty (50) feet to the corner of land of J. A. Gerard; thence by the same north seventy (70 degrees) degrees east one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning. Containing five thousand square feet, more or less, being the same premises which Elizabeth D. Kane, by her Deed dated the 3rd day of August, A. D. 1901, sold to Patrick Kanavy, Jr., as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house with six rooms, chicken coop and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Patrick Kanavy, Jr., at the suit of State Capital Saving and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.
T. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot No. 26 on the plot of lands of the Parkside Land and Improvement Company, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point situate at the southeast corner of Ash street and Elk avenue; thence east fifty (50) feet along the south line of Ash street; thence south at right angles one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post corner; thence west at right angles fifty (50) feet to the eastern border of Elk avenue; thence north along the eastern border of Elk avenue one hundred and fifty (150) feet to place of beginning. Containing seven thousand five hundred (7500) square feet of land, more or less. Reserving all petroleum, carburetted hydrogen and other volatile and inflammable minerals and gases, but renouncing, waiving and releasing any and all right to enter, to explore, bore, mine, dig for, take store of pipe the same by works or appliances upon the said premises. Being the same premises which Clara Campbell (single) by her deed dated the 24th day of September, A. D. 1901, sold to John Flickinger, mortgagor hereto, as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house, nine rooms, good cellar under whole house, plumbed for city water and gas for stoves and lights, lot graded and shade trees set out, usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Flickinger at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.
Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of ground situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being known as lot "I" of C. S. Whitney & lots on Corydon street as per map of F. M. Webster, November, 1889, said map being now on file in the Recorder's office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Volume 85 at page 850 and being lot No. 1—1 on map now on file in the City Engineer's office in the City of Bradford, Pa.

Improved and having thereon one one-story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary A. Disney at the suit of City of Bradford.
F. P. Schoonmaker, plaintiff's attorney.

13.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on the north line of said highway thirty-four (34) feet from the southwest corner of land deeded to John Denman by P. Ackley; thence southerly along the north line of said highway sixty-six (66) feet more or less to the southeast corner of lot owned by Spencer; thence at right angles and in a northerly direction along the east line of said Spencer lot one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles easterly sixty-six (66) feet more or less to Ackley line; thence at right angles southerly along the west line of lands deed to Clara and Maud Ackley one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning: Being the same land deeded to Luella R. Barr by Philo Ackley and Clarissa his wife by deed dated the 1st day of July, 1896, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 105, page 99, &c. Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Bradley H. Barr, Administrator of Estate of Luella R. Barr, deceased, and Bradley H. Barr at the suit of James George.
James George, plaintiff's attorney.

14.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Lafayette, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being Lot No. 12 as per C. S. Whitney and Companies Map of Lewis Run, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, now on file in Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book No. 97, at page 90, Ansley, Pa., in Deed Book No. 97, at page 90. Also part of Lot No. 16 being so much of said Lot 16 as is included within an extension of the line between Lots 12 and 13 to within thirty-two feet (32 ft.) of the westerly line of Lot No. 17, a line running parallel to and 32 feet from the said westerly line of Lot 17 the north line of Mc-Mullen to the S. E. corner of Lot 13 and the easterly line of Lot 12, said Lot 16 being recorded as above in C. S. Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling house, one board barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. A. Foster at the suit of A. Anderson.
D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 15, 1903.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

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